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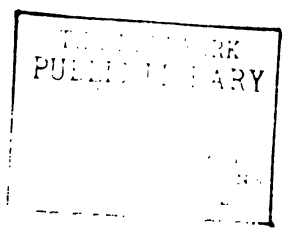
MURMURINGS FROM RUGGED WATERS.

BROOMFIELD.

1. Poetry,) Scottish
2. Fiction,) "

NCI

Broome


PUBLIC

Murmurings from Rugged Waters.

BY

James P. Broomfield

THE simple pleadings of the lowly swain
Who trysts at gloaming tide his sun-browned Jane,
Might sound uncouth unto the cultured ear,
And cause, perhaps, a high-born maid to sneer;
But sweet to Jane, who blushes like some rose
That by the roadway, fragrant, freely blows.
A lowly singer weaves a simple lay
Of gurgling burn, of heath, and hodden gray:
The learned critic spurns the proffered page
For abler writings of some princely sage.
The rugged murmurings of the simple heart
Might lack the measured tone that's gained by art:
The rugged verse—uncouth to classic pen—
Yet in their gurglings reach the souls of men.

International Publishing Co.,
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., 1901.
Press of the Morrison Printing Company.

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COPYRIGHT 1901,
BY JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

To

Hon. William Livingstone, Jr.

of Detroit,

a Gentleman who has done much to encourage

to a lustier growth my humble

poetical aspirations

and to the

Many Other Warm Friends

who have cheered my way with kind wishes,

this Volume is

Respectfully Dedicated

by

The Author,

With
Compliments of Author
To 79th N.Y. Highlanders
Aug. 1st 1904

Sincerely
James P Broomfield

INDEX

	Page.
A Legend O' May Morning	9
The Dying Piper	16
I Wish I had a Mither	18
The Miller's Sally	20
Comrades All	22
Youth's Happy Home	23
What Auld Folk Say	26
The Miser O' Tadmhor Brae	29
Sandy's Three Wishes	35
Yesterday	38
Blinks O' Springtime	41
Good-bye, Daddy	43
Flora	46
Changes O' Nature	48
Laddie O' the Sea	49
For Queen and Country	51
Broom Blossom	53
Dyed Egg Day	55
To a Bud in March	57
Daddie's Comin'	61
The Silver-Haired Lady	63
A Bairn's Ambition	65
A Coast Lullaby	67
A Dream O' Jed	69
The Open Door	72
He Fell for Liberty	74
Rare Harvest Time	76
Oor Willie	77
The Sailor's Farewell	80
Piper Winter	82
Kirsty's Robin	84
To An Elocutionist	87
Where Heather Blooms	89
Annie, a Love Song	91
A Mother's Dream	93
The Shepherd to His Collie	96
A Brither Scot	99
North Birwick by the Sea	101
The Song of the Skater	103
A Soldier Boy's Letter to Mother	104
Ten Years To-Day	106

Page

MacLeans of Fair Glenrhoe 108
Robert Burns 113
The Gleaner 116
The Widow's Tears 118
A War Brother 120
Our Golden Jubilee 122
Yon Bonnie Blue Bell 124
The Fairee Companee 127
The Heroes O' Dargai Gap 130
The Pairtings O' Yestreen 131
The Old Soldier 133
A' Body's Wean 135
Auld Scotia 138
In Memory of a Nation's Bard 140
Papa's Dimples 141
In Loving Memory O' My Mither-Aunt 143
A Piper's Canary 145
Wee Miriam 147
The Miller O' Sweethope Lea 149
Where The Peesweips Fly 153
Mother's Song 157
Watching and Waiting 159
Castle Ony 162
The Pen O' Bacon 164
Robert Hopkin 166
A Shepherd's Lilt 168
Three 170
Wee Jessie Blue-Eyes 172
Mither's Plaid O' Gray 174
Hame Again 176
Heather Musings 179
To a Wild Rose 181
A Borderer Bold 184
A Vision 190
Speed Ye Well 195

PROSE.

A Roadway Minstrel 199
Mona, The Brown-Haired 207
The Brownie 216
Graeme Douglas 233
Jean, The Gypsy 240
For Mother's Sake 251
Symon Meine's Awakening 265
Adam's Return 276
The Wishing Well 286
The Herd's Annie 294

....PREFACE....

—"*Caledonia, Stern and Wild,*
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

ONE of the loveliest regions in the South-eastern part of Scotland, is where the author of the above lines delighted to dwell and muse amidst the charming surroundings of Abbotsfords and Melrose Abbey, receiving therefrom fertile inspiration which enriched the world with unexcelled literature.

It was in this enchanting district where our poet-author, James P. Broomfield, spent his early years, breathing the same fragrant air, viewing the same romantic scenery and listening to the same "murmuring waters" as his noble predecessor, Sir Walter Scott.

With such a grand ideal, and under such nourishing influences, it is no marvel that the Divine Afflatus born in our poet-author should bud and blossom with tropical exuberance, enabling him to give to the world his most most exquisite, entertaining volume of "MURMURINGS FROM RUGGED WATERS."

The word "murmuring" in the title should not be interpreted as being symbolic of complaint, but rather as the joyful natural ripple of musical, meandering streams, leaping, laughing contentedly and merrily over the pebbly obstructions in their course, and bounding over the large boulders, on their way to the ocean, as genial optimists play a game of leap frog over the obstacles of life. Such is the tenor of our talented poet-author's productions, and taken in this sense the title is well chosen.

Every piece in the book is intensely interesting, and contains gems of thought well worth treasuring in the memory and handing down to future generations. The volume and all that it contains speaks for itself. Many of the pieces have received most favorable press notices, as, doubtless the whole work will, for years of friendship and personal intercourse with the author has given his prefator opportunities of knowing that his themes are inexhaustible, his creations and descriptions pure in thought, noble in character, and free from the objectionable.

Being of a cheerful disposition, he constantly looks upon the bright side of life; and being sincere, his facile pen faithfully portrays, truthfully and forcibly, his own sympathetic nature.

Mr. Broomfield is a native of Roxburghshire, Scotland. Born in 1862, he received his education in that district and in Edinburgh, landed in America and located in Detroit, Mich., in 1885. Married Miss Annie McVicar, a Scotch Canadian Lady, in 1888, and three daughters bless their union.

They are a very happy, charming family, and their numerous friends in the United States, Great Britain and Canada, rejoice that our gifted Poet-Author now publishes in book form, his delightful and instructive compositions of Song and Story.

GEO. WILLIAMSON, Detroit, Mich.

A LEGEND O' MAY MORNING.

INSCRIBED TO MY COUSINS, THE BROOMFIELDS AND GORDONS.

OLD Sol still lingered Eastra's guest,
The lark's sweet matin still unsung,
When, springing from our couch o' rest,
We hailed the dawn wi' merry tongue;
Then, hand in hand, gay lad and lass
Tripped merrily the way along
Through hawthorn lanes, 'mang dewy grass,
Through glens that echoed wi' our song.

We climbed o'er rocks wi' fearless tread,
Both lads an' lassies licht an' strong;
We startled wee bîrds frae their bed,
While hill an' dale pealed wi' our song;
For we must cross the Brownie rill
Before the lark proclaims the day,
An' we must climb the nearest hill
To wash wi' first dew o' Fair May.

For this the legend old folk told:
How once, in Scotia's fair domain,
There lived a chieftain, kind an' bold,
Whose name was feared by plund'ring Dane;
One morn, as roaming through the glen,

Enamoured wi' the wee birds' song,
He spied a troop o' armèd men
With one fair maid amidst the throng.

The Viking flag, an' short, rude spears,
An' tawny beards, foretold the Dane;
The maiden seemèd urged wi' fears,
An' slowly limped as if with pain;
An' as they gained the shoreland's crest
She saw the Chief, an', weeping, pray'd:
"Oh, if you've feeling in your breast,
Save, save me, sir, while yet a maid!"

Up to his lips he put his horn
An' blew a blast both loud and long;
From moss-crowned rock, an' flow'ring thorn,
Sprang Scottish warriors brave an' strong;
They soon dispersed the pirate horde
An' drove them backwards to the sea;
The maid was saved, an', by my word,
A fairer maid none e'er did see.

Her een were o' the deep, deep blue,
Her hair in golden tresses hung,
Her cheeks were o' the moss rose hue,
No queenlier grace was ever sung.
There peeped from 'neath a mantle green
A dimpled foot o' perfect mold,

An' tears, like dew gems, from her een
Fell down while this her tale she told:

"The cruel Danes, at dead o' night,
Invaded fair Iona's Isle—
Ransacked our homes, put all to flight,
An' robbed me o' my father's smile;
They tore me, weeping, from the dead,
An' bore me to their ocean steed;
Before their Chief I knelt an' plead,
But to my prayer he gave no heed.

"They dragged me, fainting, from his feet,
And then, kind sir, I knew no more
Until my tear-sore eyes did greet
The dawn upon this kindly shore;
I knew not, sir, their barb'rous tongue,
But by their rude an' lustful stares
I feared a worse than death o'erhung
Their captive; but God heard my pray'rs."

The Chief his trusty henchmen bade
A litter make with plaid an' spears,
An' carry the fair stranger maid
To one who'd kiss away her tears;
The gentle mother of the Chief,
With kindly hand an' woman art,

Soothed the sweet orphan maiden's grief
That touched the gracious mother heart.

He manned his boat, at rise o' tide,
With twenty clansmen, strong an' true,
An' placed the fair maid by his side,
While o'er the waves they quickly flew.
At dawn they reached the Sacred Isle,
Where all was panic an' dismay;
Great was their joy when, free from guile,
The Scot brought them their Virgin May.

The Chief was to the chapel led
Where Christian priests did fast an' pray;
They poured fond blessings on his head,
An' thus spake father old an' gray:
"For this brave deed that thou hast done
I bless your country's fair domain;
Her maidens true—brave aye her sons—
Her name aye free from coward's stain."

"But stay! For yet a small request
I beg of you an' yours this day;
To keep it true 'tis my behest,
An' God will bless your land alway;
Ere Nature gleams with Sola's light,
Ere laverocks greet the opening day,

Your youth must climb the nearest height—
In every year, the first o' May.

"Their faces they must bathe with dew
That on the hilltops lieth clear,
An' they will be both fair an' true
To one another all the year.
'Twill be a symbol, noble Chief,
Of this bright morn in Virgin Spring,
When you brought back, pure, though in grief,
The daughter of our murdered King."

The Chief bowed low, with barèd head,
In reverence to the holy sire,
While o'er the scene great Sola spread
A radiant robe of golden fire.
Then spake the Chief, while all gave heed:
"Your wishes, father, we'll revere;
But base the man, a coward indeed,
That heedeth not a maiden's tear.

Our hearths are humble, coarse our fare,
An' rude the people of our land;
With you our humble fare we'll share;
Our swords are at your Isle's command;
And woe befall the Viking horde
That dare to raid your shores again,

For never yet hath Scottish sword
  Been proved a plaything of the vain."

Again the Chieftain roams the glen
  When blossoms rare crown brae an' thorn,
But happy maids, an' merry men,
  Sing songs of love this bright spring morn;
For she who leans upon his arm,
  An' smiles with love-light in her een,
Is she he saved from Viking's harm,
  Now his fair wife—his clansmen's Queen.

So ends the tale, but from that hour
  The Isle has blessed the Scottish pow'r,
An' Scotia's youth have from that day
  Bathed with the first dew o' the May.

We reached the bracken-crested height,
  An' bathed our faces wi' the dew;
Yes, bathed them to our hearts' delight,
  So we would bide aye fair an' true;
An' now the glorious sun doth shine
  O'er frowning height an' rolling brae,
An' from the meads a song divine
  Soars upwards to the God o' Day.

We knelt enraptured side by side
An' drank the beauties o' the morn;
Then, rising, homewards happy hied,
New pleasures in our bosoms born;
The laddies pu'd the blossoms rare
That fragrant burst along our way,
An' crowned each guileless maiden fair
A blushing Queen o' rosy May.

THE DYING PIPER.

DONALD, my first born, come near me, I'm dying,
And bring me my pipes till I bid them farewell;
I'll play them no more, for my breath now is flying,
And this dust soon will mix with the sand of the dell.

Loved pipes, my companions in mirth or in sorrow,
In peace or in war we were ever as one;
But fare ye well, for by dawn of the morrow
My soul will have crossed to that mighty Unknown.

How proud was I when, with gay ribbons streaming,
You were placed in my hands by the Chief of our glen;
And my light boyish heart with bright hopes was o'er-brimming
When I first played the slogan that rallied our men.

I have 'woke the wild birds by thy notes in the morning;
Thy pibroch's low croon's welcomed sleep to the vale;
Thro' war's bloody field, or in peace time's gay gath'ring,
Thou ever-loved pipes thrilled the soul of the Gael.

How oft have thy notes in the land of the stranger
Soothed the exile's lone heart with the loved tunes of home—
Brought glad tears in peace, firmed the step when in danger,
Led his thoughts back to scenes where his feet fain would roam.

Thy war-notes have rung o'er the tombs of the Pharaohs,
O'er Russia's bleak hills, 'neath India's hot sun;
'Twas your clear, thrilling strains thrilled the souls of those heroes
Whose ranks lay besieged on the field they had won.

But, Donald, come nearer; take the pipes from thy father,
And play me the slogan of the Chief of Glencoe,
For the grim clan of Death round my bedside now gather,
And I feel the damp breath of that conquering foe.

But hush! I hear sounds as of armies rejoicing,
And strains of sweet music now float thro' the air;
And hills of rare beauty through the mist seem arising,
And friends of the past gladly welcome me there.

My pipes I bequeath thee, true son of thy father,
May their strains as of yore warm the heart of the Gael;
I go to my God, as our kin round me gather,
Play the slogan once more of the Chief of Kintail.

"I WISH I HAD A MITHER!"

"I wish I had a mither,"
Said wee orphan Tammie Todd,
Like yon crood o' happy bairnies
That play alang the road;
She wad wash my face an' fingers,
An' wad patch my ragged claes,
An' I'm shair I'd hae in winter
Some wee shoon to hide my taes.

"I wish I had a mither
For to kiss me when I greet,
To cuddle to her bosie,
An' to hear her sing sae sweet
Like wee Nellie Logan's mither,
Whae aye claps me on the heid,
An' says, 'Ma heart's aye sorry
For the lad whaes mither's deid.'

"I wish I had a mither—
I wad nae sulk or froon
When she bade me rin a message,
Like wee stuck up Geordie Broon;

I wad rin an' dae her bidden,
  Leave my peerie, or my ba,'
For I think a laddie ought to
  When he hears his mither ca'.

" My chums could ca' me nicknames—
  ' Mammie's lambie,' ' Mither's sweet '—
But I'd only smile sae cheery—
  Nicknames canna make yin greet.
" Yes, I wish I had a mither,"
  Said wee orphan Tammie Todd,
But his mither, puir wee laddie!
  Lies aneath the kirkyaird sod.

"THE MILLER'S SALLY."

GOLDEN the broom on the upland way,
  Purple the glove in the fairy hollow;
Green are the fields where the lambkins play,
  Silver the stream that the fishers follow;
But they dinna hae ony charms for me
  As I wander alane, through the shady valley,
To meet, perchance, by the trysting tree,
  A winsome wee maid—the miller's Sally!

Trembles the birk where the rich leaves hang
  With the rich notes o' the kingly starling;
To me there is only one true sang—
  The lichtsome lilt o' my queenly darling!
Oh, the rich blossom hangs on bush an' tree,
  An' the red fragrant rose scents the dewy valley;
But there's no a flow'r on bush or lea
  Can equal my love—the miller's Sally!

Silken the goons o' the Lady Jean;
  Titles an' gold will come wi' her dower;
Winning the smile I got but yestreen
  Frae the red lips o' the stately flower;

Oh, I wish not rank—no, nor pedigree—
  Just a wee cosie hoose, in some kindly valley,
If one dear lass will share it wi' me,
  An' that dear wee lass—the miller's Sally!

But hush! She comes! O! she comes to me,
  Tripping alang sae neat an' sae cheerie,
Lilting a sang. O! there canna be
  A sweeter maid than my ain true dearie!
An' the sweetest part o' the simmer day
  That bringeth true rest to the hill an' the valley,
Is the lovesome hour o' gloaming gray
  When I meet my own true darling Sally.

COMRADES ALL.

SHAKE, comrade, shake, for I can tell
  By that empty sleeve and that ugly scar,
That you carried a gun as well as I,
  And was scorched by the leaden rain of war.
Well, yes, I come every year in May
  And march 'neath the best old flag that waves;
Our ranks grow thinner, and maybe I—
  But come! fall in! be my mate to-day,
To scatter rare flowers o'er our comrades' graves.

Fall in! What's that? No place for you!
  While we marched with Grant, you followed Lee?
Well, you shouldered a gun at the Southland's call—
  You claimed it your duty; no more did we;
So, come, fall in! be my mate to-day;
  Nail higher the flag that o'er us waves;
Shoulder to shoulder, we're comrades all,
  To scatter the rare sweet bloom of May
With a two-fold blessing o'er comrades' graves.

Shoulder to shoulder they march away,
  Flowers to scatter and graves to trim;
Shoulder to shoulder, Blue and Gray,
  Feeble of step, and eyes that are dim;
Two by two; fall in; fall in;
Two by two, for the ranks grow thin,
And the Southland echoes the Northern call:
"Fall in! fall in! We are comrades all."

YOUTH'S HAPPY HAME.

CRAILING, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

I, musing, lie where mighty lakes
  Roll boundless as the sea,
An' tow'ring pine trees proudly wave
  In Western majesty;
Tho' grand the beauties o' this land,
  My thoughts roam far frae here,
Where bonnie Oxnam gurglin' rins
  To Teviot waters clear.

Where rich green haughs, an' gowden braes,
  An' hills o' purple hue,
That glints at dawn o' simmer day
  Wi' gems o' fresh'ning dew,
Embrace the village o' my youth,
  A spot to me aye dear,
Where Oxnam, bubblin', roarin', rins
  To Teviot waters clear.

Rare, shady lanes, where wild flow'rs bloom,
  An' red-cheeked maidens stray
To meet the callant o' their heart
At 'oor o' gloamin' gray,
Jouk oot an' in like fairy paths
  Frae plantins growin' near,

That murm'ring stream, that tumblin' flows
To Teviot waters clear.

The cushie's croon, the whaup's shrill wheep,
The laverock's liquid sang
Float upwards frae the dowie muirs
Or groves that richly hang
Wi' blossoms sweet, or berries red,
Frae bush o' whin an' brier,
To where the Oxnam, gushing, joins
Old Teviot waters clear.

Wide entries girt wi' stately trees,
Whose spreading branches throw
A cooling shade o' quiv'ring leaves
O'er passers to an' fro,
Wind past the neat-kept kindly bields,
That spot to me aye dear,
Near Oxnam's rumblin', rowin' stream
An' Teviot waters clear.

Romantic village o' the Sooth!
Thy ruined ha's reveal
The handiwork o' Cranstone bold,
Who fought for Scotland's weal;
Rare tales are hid within thy wa's
O' battle-axe an' spear,
When Oxnam ran red, red with bluid
To Teviot waters clear.

The deep dark caves alang the scaur
  Beyond the Primrose brae,
Where noble Covenanters hid
  In Scotland's darkest day,
Loom thickly, screened wi' twining vines,
  Quaint brownie haunts appear
Abune the stream that gurglin' flows
  To Teviot waters clear.

The Whinstane Brig, the Water Mill,
  The Auld Kirk, an' the Free
The "Smiddie," "Schule," the Village Cross,
  The ancient Rowan Tree,
Are pictures that I'll ne'er forget—
  Loved scenes I'll aye revere—
Tho' far frae Oxnam's bonnie stream
  An' Teviot waters clear.

I'm prood to think that I can claim
  A season o' my days,
The happy, guileless years o' youth
  'Mang Crailing's bonnie braes;
An' weel I ken there waits for me
  A welcome that's sincere,
Near yon rare stream, that rowin' rins
  To Teviot waters clear.

WHAT AULD FOLK SAY.

I'VE heard the auld folk say
"In winter days o' lang ago,
When oor young cheeks wi' health did glow,
An' fields as now lay white wi' snow,
Times were harder than to-day.
There were no trains to plunge alang
If visiting we'd wish to gang;
A bundle o'er oor shoothers flang;
Shanks' naig we used that day."

I've heard the auld folk say,
"The fall-de-ralls you young folk wear
Gars us auld bodies blink an' stare;
'Twas rigs like them we had to scare
The craws in oor young day;
At kirk the congregation sung,
An' wi' their notes the rafters rung,
But noo they scarcely move their tongue—
They've singers that they pay."

I've heard the auld folk say,
"Och, ay, you young folk dinna ken

The lang, lang 'oors we laboured then,
An' little siller we'd to spen'
On trash in oor young day;
We were contented if we got
Enough o' meal to boil the pot;
Nae cake or shortbreid we e'er got,
Except on New Year's day."

I've heard the auld folk say,
"Nae automobiles, or 'lectric cars,
Or bags o' gas to frichten Mars,
That cairry folk up 'mang the stars,
Had we in oor young day.
Ye maun hae this, ye maun hae that,
A bicykeel, a new spring hat,
Altho' ye dinna earn yer sa't,
Ye maun be fashion gay."

I've heard the auld folk say,
"We were taught when we were young
When elders spake to haud oor tongue;
But noo it's changed; the knowing young
Has aye the formaist say;
Oor parents were oor dearest care,
Oor every joy was theirs to share
But noo—ah, weel! we'll say nae mair—
We'll find that oot some day."

An' yet they smile an' say,
  When neebour folk drap in to spen'
  A canty 'oor, at oor fire-en',
  Thir's no the equal o' oor Jen'
For wit or modestie;
  An' though we say't that shouldna say't,
  Sic callants like oor Tam an' Pate
  Are hard to find—are hard to bate—
In onything they dae.

THE MISER O' TADMHOR BRAE.

LONG and bony,
  Wrinkled and gray,
Was the old miser
  Of Tadmhor brae;
Dour and silent,
  Deep as a pool,
Loved by nobody,
  Shunned as a ghoul;
And deep in his memory, smouldering, lay
A horrid vision of man's young day.

Leaky, shaky,
  Was his old cot;
Windowless, doorless,
  Crumbling with rot,
Who would fancy
  That ever he
Once was as happy
  As you or me?
If you'd share the visions of Miser Gray,
Go nurse the cravings of youth's young day.

At last men found,
  One cold, bleak day,
The frozen body

Of Miser Gray;
From the body
A letter fell,
Marked: "The finder
My story tell."
And this is the story as read to me
Of the selfish Paul and generous Lee:

Two fine, bright lads—
And twins were they—
Adorned the home
Of Major Gray.
Happy their youth,
Well taught were they,
For rich as a prince
Was Major Gray;
Oh, that tears would come to my old dry een,
As I delve in the past for what has been!

In the Springtime
Of manhood's day,
Father and mother
Passed away;
And at their graves
The strife begun—
What parents deemed just
Turned son 'gainst son;
Fathers broad acres were willed to Lee,
And all mother's money was left to me.

Thousands of pounds
Mother left me,
Still I was jealous
Of Brother Lee;
Generous far
Was Brother Lee;
He offered to share
His acres with me;
But the curse of greed had entered my soul;
I spurned his gift, for I craved the whole.

Lee loved a maid
Beloved by me;
Both craved her hand;
Her choice was Lee.
A jealous fire
Burned in my breast,
And murd'rous dreams
Robbed me of rest;
Oh! could I recall that hour again,
Before I was branded a worse than Cain!

My pen now halts
At the deed I done—
But search the loch
Near Clifford's Run—
Beneath the shade
Of a willow tree
Lie the whitened bones

Of Brother Lee.
His bride went insane, and cursed she me,
For she knew in her heart I murdered Lee.

I sold the land,
I sold the home;
Gold, gold I had,
For peace I'd roam;
Where'er I went,
On land or sea,
Was the white, wan face
Of Brother Lee!
And in this old hut, since "sixty-three,"
I have hid from the world—but not from Lee!

'Neath the hearthstone
Men found his gold;
To touch the dross
None was so bold;
There it still lies
Unto this day,
Guarded by bones
Of Miser Gray.
For truth of this tale, you'll find to this day
The ruins of the hut on Tadmhor Brae.

TOIL'S GRANDEUR.

TOIL, and the arm grows strong—
  Sluggards are ever weak;
Toil, and the earth gives forth
  Riches to those that seek;
Toil, and the eye grows keen,
  Sure is the woodman's stroke;
With skill the craftsman molds
  Wonders from steel and rock.
Not from the idler's dream
Flows yonder miller's stream,
Nor from the braggart's boast
Gleams yonder guarded coast.

Toil, and the heart grows light;
  Trembles the earth with song,
Flowing in thrilling notes
  From the vast toiling throng;
Up from the plains of waste
  Cities triumphant loom;
Where the fierce panther crouched
  Gardens of beauty bloom.
Not from the shirker's moan
Have our great wastes been sown,

Nor from the coward's gun
Did the fierce savage run.

Toil, and the mind grows clear
  To the great work of God;
Flow'rs of contentment spring,
  Bright'ning our earthly road;
Dearer becomes the land
  That we so proudly till,
Stouter our bulwarks loom
  Daring invading skill.
Not in the lawless hind
Can we a patriot find,
Nor with the godless band
Dare we intrust our land;
Ever a nation's boast,
Bulwarks around her coast,
Ever a country's gain,
Toilers with hands or brain.

SANDY'S THREE WISHES.

AN OLD STORY TOLD IN VERSE, WITH VARIATIONS.

NEAR the foot o' Ben Mhor abode Sandy McNeil,
Whose faither, the blacksmith, shod the horse o' the Deil—
But it's no the bauld smith my rhyme has to deal wi',
But jist honest Sandy I gaed to the schule wi'.

Sandy, yae bonnie nicht, I think in November—
It's the tale, no the date, I need to remember—
A wee drap in his pooch, a cure for lumbago,
An' his braw sneeshin' mull steppit wast to Strathago.

The road it's gey lang, an' mair, it is eerie,
Withoot ere a hoose, or a milestane to cheer ye;
But Sandy steppit oot, shoothers back, bold's a thistle,
Wi' whiles a wee sup jist to weetin' his whistle

But halt, Sandy, halt! "Govie Dick, what's acomin'?
Is't a ghaist, or a witch, a fairy, or wummin?"
Sandy whipped aff his cap, as the shade stept afore him,
While a queer funny thrill creep, creepit a' owre him.

"Losh me," stuttered Sandy—noo Sandy's but human,
An' his tongue loses pow'r in presence o' woman—
"What's yer wants, bonnie lass, or should I say, fairy?"
"Dinna fear," said the shade, "for I've no come to scare ye."

"I hae heard"—an' her tongue burred wi' guid lowland doric—
"O' yer fame that's gane forth, ay, as far as Glen Frolic,
Yer brave deeds hae been sung in the courts o' Burr Barley,
An' hae pleased the great mind o' the King Corn, Carley.

"He called unto me—I was scoorin' the dishes—
'Find this cheil, let him hae what he wants in three wishes;'
For, brave sir, ye maun ken I'm the King's eldest daughter,
An' my tocher's the hills lying north o' Burr water."

"My fame! losh be here! some mistake," mutters Sandy;
"But three wishes jist noo comes uncommonly handy.
Bonnie lass, yer royal dad is the genuine stuff—
For the first, gie's the height o' Ben Nevis o' snuff."

"That ye'll hae, honest man! it's made by my brither,"
An' she blushed as she speered. "Guid sir, what's the ither?"
"I'll jist tak, gin ye please," Sandy twirrled his cheevit,
"The fill o' Loch Lomond o' guid auld Glenlevit."

"It is granted, bauld Scot! I've a 'still' mang the heather:
But stay! bide a wee! for ye still hae anither."
"Anither!" quo' Sandy. "Mair snuff's a wee risky;
Bonnie lass, I'll jist tak a wee drappie mair whiskey."

It was early next morning that auld Geordie Lye,
As he marketwards gaed, heard a lang gurgling sigh;
Sae following the soond, where the road takes a turn,
He found his bauld freend wi' his head in the burn.

As auld Geordie drew near he could hear Sandy say—
An' the story is tauld mang the hills to this day—
As he gurgled an' sputtered an' to the heath clung,
"I want nae mair whiskey—drive tight hame the bung."

YESTERDAY.

IT seems but yesterday
  He held my willing hand;
The Summer waves did wayward play
  Out o'er the golden strand.
    My heart beat joyfulie
    With love's rare melodie;
He whispered, and his eyes o' blue
Gleamed wi' a love-light kind and true,
"My own sweet darling Sue."

Ah, yes! but yesterday
  I answered, "Love, I'm thine";
With rose-bloom blushed the village brae,
  The lanes wi' jesamine;
    He held me to his heart—
    "Sweet love, we now must part;
But soon, dear Sue, I'll come again
To you, and home across the main,
To home an' you again."

It seems but yesterday
  I looked 'way o'er the sand,

Watching my true-love sail away
  Unto a foreign land;
    His lips released a sigh
    As he kissed me good-bye;
With aching heart I waved adieu—
Dear Jack—brave Jack—my lover true—
Adieu, dear heart! adieu!

Ah, yes! but yesterday
  I watched upon the sand;
Behind me loomed great rocks o' gray,
The guardians o' my land;
    The eve-tide drifted me
    A farewell melodie—
A message from across the bar—
From my own love that sailed afar—
My love that sailed afar.

It seems but yesterday
  I lingered near the shore;
Up o'er the strand the whirling spray,
  The storm king's message bore—
    Came with a mad'ning sweep
    From the great changing deep—
A figure-head—a good ship's name—
Was all that ever shorewards came—
Was all that ever came.

Ah, sad, sad yesterday!
  O, heart, poor heart o' mine!
The bloom lies withered o'er the brae;
  Low droops the jesamine;
    The murm'ring o' the sea
    Seems but a dirge to me;
The sea-birds' wailing, longing sigh
Seems some poor sailor's drowning cry—
Some sailor's last "good-bye!"

BLINKS O' SPRINGTIME.

SUNSHINE glints on dale an' hill,
Silv'ry loch an 'wimplin' rill;
Rocks an' woods now echoing ring
Wi' the melodies o' Spring.

Knowes now crowned wi' buddin' broom,
Hawthorns nod their fragrant plume;
Feathered songsters train the wing
O' their nestlin's, for 'tis Spring.

Richly clad the field and glen,
Varied beauties deck the den;
Creeping ivy, upward cling
O'er the ruined wa's in Spring.

Merry lambkins romp an' play
'Mang the gowans on the brae,
While the bonnie bairnies sing
"Welcome, ever welcome, Spring!"

Bursting buds deck bush an' tree;
Daisies clothe the grassy lea;
Bee an' wasp noo whet their sting
For the schoolboy in the Spring.

Bunnies jook noo, oot an' in,
'Mang the bracken an' the whin',
While auld Blinkie trims his wing
For his night's sport in the Spring.

Fairies haunt the bramble dell;
Maidens seek the wishing well,
Where fancy future's shadows bring
In the lovesome days o' Spring.

Pairted lovers noo agree
'Neath the auld-time trysting tree;
Love's fond murm'rings ever cling
To the gloamings o' the Spring.

'Neath the twin oaks on the green
Auld folk gossip noo at e'en;
Freenship's breathings ever bring
Gladsome news in lichtsome Spring.

Now smiling Nature's crowned anew
Wi' virgin buds o' ev'ry hue,
In homage kneels to Nature's King,
Whose hand beautifies the Spring.

GOOD-BYE, DADDIE.

IN childish kilt an' bonnet blue—
  The kilt his Daddie's tartan—
He stood, a tiny mite o' eight,
  But brave as ony Spartan;
No tears were in his een o' gray,
  His wee lips scarce did quiver,
As he bid good-bye to Daddie dear—
  Perhaps good-bye for ever!

"Daddie," he said, an' stood erect,
  "Dinna be feared for mither,
For I will work just like a man
  For her an' bairnie brither;
I'll rise up sharp at five o'clock
  When mither's sleepin' cosie,
An' curly-heided brither Rab
  Is cuddlin' in her bosie.

"I'll rin doon stairs an' roon the street,
  An' in to Grannie Napier's,
An' get a hunner at the least
  O' a' the morning papers.

I'll sell them a', yes, ev'ry ane,
  An' 'fore there's time to miss me,
I'll coont my earns in mither's hand
  An' then—an' then she'll kiss me.

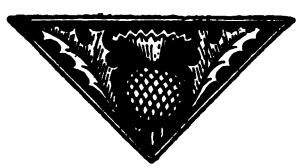
"When schule is oot, I winna stay
  To play at tigg or peerie,
But run straight hame, an' mither help,
  Or play wi' oor wee dearie.
When you come back, a brave V. C.—
  I ken you'll be ane Daddie,—
You'll grip my hand, just like a man's,
  For bein' sae guid a laddie."

The Daddie hugged up to his breast
  The sturdy little Spartan,
An' said, "Wee lad, there's nae mistake,
  You're worthy o' the tartan!
Good-bye; take care o' mither, dear,
  An' you're wee bairnie brither;
God grant the time will be but short
  When we're again thegether."

The pipers blaw, the engine shrieks,
  All ready now for startin';
Some laugh, some sing, some joke, some cry—
  And all bewail the partin'.

Oor we lad watches till the train
  Spurts frae the crowded station,
Bearing away brave men who'll guard
  The honor of a nation.

Then, gulping back a weakling sob—
  For he's nae mair a laddie—
He's noo his mither's only man,
  Since sayin', "Good-bye, Daddie."
Then runs for hame: the door it hides
  From us the tiny Spartan,
But we are sure he'll prove to be
  A credit to the tartan.



FLORA.

WHEN the balmy winds o' Autumn
  Softly whisper o'er the braes,
An' fields o' golden waving grain
  Proclaim it harvest days,
I gang a-courting Flora—
The shepherd's bonnie Flora—
In the gloaming, 'mang the fragrant ricks o' clover.

Like rippling music o' a rill
  Is Flora's voice to me,
An' her lips they are sae tempting
  That I'm forced their sweets to pree;
Sae I maun see my Flora—
The shepherd's lassie Flora—
In the gloaming, 'mang the fragrant scented clover.

Her hair in nut-brown ringlets hang
  Aroon a queenly broo;
Two perfect rows o' pearly teeth
  Shine through her tempting mou'.
A dimpled chin has Flora—
The shepherd's daughter Flora—
An' I'll meet her in the gloamin' 'mang the clover.

Altho' her feet—her weel shap't feet—
  Are cased in heavy shoon,
An' 'tho' her best o' dresses
  Is a common wincey goon,
A queenly form has Flora—
The shepherd's darling Flora—
An' I'll press her to my bosom 'mang the clover.

Altho' she is a bonnie lass
  She's naught but modestie,
An a' the laddies in the glen
  Just wish that they were me
To gang acourting Flora—
The shepherd's guileless Flora—
In the gloamin' 'mang the fragrant ricks o' clover.

CHANGES O' NATURE.

MY heart was light, an' my thoughts were gay;
Full o' joy for me seemed the morrow,
As I watched the burnie wend its way
Through the fruitful dales o' Yarrow;
No ripples rise on its silv'ry crest,
Save where trout, in their glee, were dancing;
And happy thoughts filled my youthful breast
As I lay on the banks romancing.

Ah! youth's bright dream,
Smooth glides thy way,
Like a winding stream
On a sunny day.

Heavy my heart, an' I see but gloom
On the brow o' the coming morrow,
As I watch the burnie fret an' fume—
Fit mate for me in my sorrow!
Swollen an' black its troubled crest,
Save where lightning's darts are flashing,
An' the storms o' anguish tear my breast
While the thunder's around me crashing.

Grief's troubled dream,
Rough rolls thy way,
Like a swollen stream
On a stormy day.

LADDIE O' THE SEA.

CURLY headed laddie,
  Gie to me your hand,
The life-lines show you'll wander
  Far in many a land;
Wave-rocked, bonnie laddie,
  Born upon the sea,
Wild winds soothed your slumbers,
  Mermaids crooned to thee.

Rocked upon the ocean
  By Neptune's royal command,
And the deep sea graces
  Kissed an' lined your hand;
Mighty was the cradle,
  A queen upon the sea;
Ah, my bonnie laddie,
  Fortune smiles on thee.

Thro' the ice-rock barriers
  Of the frozen way,
You will carry tidings
  In your manhood's day;

East an' west you'll travel,
  At the torrid zone
They'll hail the noble vessel
  Of Neptune's foster-son.

Peace aye be your motto;
  God will be your guide;
Fav'ring winds will waft thee
  O'er the Ocean's tide;
Many a hand will greet thee,
  Many a mother's e'e
Will gladden at the tidings
  You carry o'er the sea.

Many a prayer will follow
  In your good ship's wake;
Many a lad will join thee,
  Laddie, for your sake;
Many a daring venture
  Is hid behind that e'e,
Wee curly headed darling,
  Laddie o' the sea.

FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY.

A HIGHLAND dame stood at her door
  And watched her youngest bairn,
In kilt and plaid and jacket red
  Turn from the soldier's cairn—
A cairn that told—told by its height
  Of many gallant men
Who had for Queen and Country left
  The comforts of their glen.

With martial stride and fearless eye
  Three sons had gone before,
And left her with an aching heart
  Beside her lowly door;
For Britain's glory they went forth—
  A glory that hath ta'en
The pride of many a Scottish home
  For many a bloody plain.

Her eldest fell in the Soudan;
  At Dargai Leslie died;
At Modder River Tom was slain
  By gallant Wauchope's side;
And now her youngest, and her all,
  In kilt and plaid hath gone;

The Queen gets one more soldier bold—
  The cairn another stone.

She watches till his stalwart form
  Is lost beyond the trees,
And then she turns within her cot,
  And, falling on her knees,
Prays to the Guardian of us all
  To favor her last one,
Who knows his brothers' bloody fate
  Beside stern Duty's gun.

Her hair is white with many cares,
  Her heart's been cruelly riven,
But Queen and Country needed men
  And she her all hath given;
And yet she wonders—simple dame!—
  At nations, great and wise,
Who cannot for man's brotherhood
  Some nobler plan devise.

We wonder all, and yet we rush
  Aye ready to the sword,
And deeper, wider yawns the wound
  That needeth Wisdom's word;
And mothers weep for fearless sons
  Who love the martial row,
And stretches far the battle line
  While cairns they larger grow.

BROOM BLOSSOM.

SENT FRAE THE BRAES O' YARROW BY MISS PHEMIE PENNYCOOK, OF HAWICK, 1900.

BROOM blossom, broom blossom,
  Golden bloom sae rare,
Fragrant wild flow'r, royal o' hue,
Thy rich tassels, nodding, drew
  A sweet maiden fair—
Lithe o' limb an' clear o' eye—
Up the steeps where you grew high
  Above the rocks sae bare.

Broom blossom, broom blossom,
  Surely she pleased you
When she knelt, an' kindly brake
You away, for friendship's sake,
  From where you tempting grew;
Her dimpled hand did you not kiss?
Yea, surely 'twas a moment's bliss
  That deepened your rare hue!

Broom blossom, broom blossom,
  Frae Nature's grandest scenes,
My border land romantic,
Beyond the broad Atlantic,
  Where many a poet gleans

There's no land can be grander
Wherever I may wander
  Or whatever intervenes.

Broom blossom, broom blossom,
  Frae famous Yarrow braes,
Pu'd near that historic stream
Where Hogg romantic oft did dream
  And wove immortal lays;
But he ne'er had a maid sae fair,
For friendship's sake, to bravely dare
  Such steep an' rocky ways.

Broom blossom, broom blossom,
  As she braved for me—
You saw her smile, as I have not,
With satisfaction, that she got
  To send across the sea
A piece o' broom I longed to own;
I'll frame it now to look upon—
  A Hameland memory.

Broom blossom, broom blossom,
  May her whose kindly hand
Pu'd you near Ettrick waters
Be favored 'mong the daughters
  Of Scotia's Borderland;
O'er rocks be aye victorious,
An' reach the heights aye glorious,
  Where all is pure an' grand.

DYED EGG DAY.

Dae ye mind in bairnhood's day,
In that auld land far away,
How we rowed adoon the brae
  On Dyed Egg Day?

Hand in hand we'd merry gang,
Lads an' lassies in yae thrang;
Braes were never steep nor lang
  On Dyed Egg Day.

Without bannet, shoon, or cap,
Oot o' breath we'd reach the tap,
Where oor daffin scared the whaup
  On Dyed Egg Day.

At the starter's "Three, away!"
We wad row adoon the brae,
Oor eggs, green, red, or blae,
  On Dyed Egg Day.

Laughin' at each ither's skill
As we tumbled owre the hill,
For o' fun we had oor fill
  On Dyed Egg Day.

Na, we'll no forget the days
When we tum'led owre the braes,
An' tore an' stained oor claes,
On Dyed Egg Day.

When, tired, we a' ran hame
An' hung oor heids wi' shame,
Tell't oor mithers that the blame
Was on Dyed Egg Day.

TO A BUD IN MARCH.

WEE, tender bud, why leave your bield?
  Still chilly breathes the air;
The snow has not yet left the field;
  The forest's bleak and bare.

I ken you're cheering to the een,
  But still I'm laith to see
Thy tender stem, where naething green
  Yet marks the dreary lea.

The sun's warm rays the stream might thaw,
  But night airs still are keen,
And treach'rous March might blighting blaw
  And blot ye frae oor een.

Was it some wee bird's warbling lay,
  Or elf folk o' the stream,
Who, piping on their reeds o' spray,
  Awoke ye frae your dream?

Or did some sunbeam lose its way,
  An' straying near your bed,
Warmed your wee stemlet wi' its ray,
  An' raised your tender head?

False are those signs! 'tis not yet Spring!
  Creep 'neath your sod again,
An' sleep till swallows trim their wing
  Upon our gable vane!

Ah, wee bit bud! I thee portray
  A likeness kin to man,
Who, warmed by fickle Fortune's ray,
  Freeze ere their Spring's began!

ODE TO THE QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF DETROIT ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, ON THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, JUNE 21ST, 1897.

'TIS Britain's Queen, a goodly Queen
That's honored wide to-day,
An' hill-fires gleam an' banners stream
In tribute o' her sway.
For lang she's reigned an' weel she's reigned
O'er subjects leal an' free,
An' a' the Earth holds holiday
On this grand Jubilee.

Her praise is sung in ev'ry tongue
Where'er a Briton's been;
An' nane can e'er the worth gainsay
O' Britain's goodly Queen.
For lang she's reigned an' weel she's reigned
O'er hearts on land an' sea,
An' God thro' peace looks kindly down
Upon her Jubilee.

An' we hae met in freenship's ring—
For freenship rules to-day—
To drap oor mite in Tribute's cup

Where starry banners sway.
For lang she's reigned an' weel she's reigned
Beloved on land an' sea,
An' frae oor hearts her worth we'll sing
On this rare Jubilee.

Then here's a health, good noble Queen,
A health to thee an' thine,
Tho' roaming far we'll ne'er forget
The days o' Auld Lang Syne;
For lang you've reigned an' weel you've reigned
Wi' love an' purity,
An' a' mankind wi' love reveres
Your Diamond Jubilee!

DADDIE'S COMIN'.

DADDIE'S comin', my wee lambie,
Frae the hill;
For the sun is sinkin' rosie
Where his sheep is cuddlin' cosie
By the rill.

An' it's time wee bairns were sleepin',
Sleepin' soon.
Come awa, my toddlin' maidie,
I will hap ye wi' my plaidie,
Cuddle doon.

Steek yer een an' sleep sae bonnie—
Daddie's near;
He is comin' through the hollie
Wi' auld tousy, kindly Collie,
My wee dear.

Hush-a-bye, yer Daddie's comin'
Up the brae;
The sun is noo clud-hidden,
An' frae the West has ridden
Gloamin' gray.

An' the Daddies fondly gether
Wi' their ain,
Where the mithers knit their stockin,'
Or some, like me, are rockin'
A wee wean.

Sae close yer een, my lambie;
Sleep ye soon;
Daddie's here an' supper's ready,
But ye've gotten yours, my leddy,
Sae lie doon.

Hoots! ye little waukrife lassie!
Close yer een!
I'm fair jealous o' my laddie—
Yes, yer hav'rin' huggin' Daddie—
Sic a scene!

'Stead o' sleepin' ye are laughin'
On his knee,
An' withoot ae crumb o' feelin'
Ye are a' the kisses stealin'
Frae puir me.

Na, na! I winna tak' ye!
Sic a mou'!
Come awa', then, to my bosie—
Come awa' an' cuddle cosie,
My wee doo.

THE SILVER-HAIRED LADY.

YES, lads! 'Tis a letter from someone to me,
A silver-haired lady that lives o'er the sea;
I'll read it, for maybe there's someone that's here
Has somebody waiting—has someone that's dear,
Whose heart's ever longing to welcome again
A wandering laddie from far o'er the main.

"My laddie, dear laddie, since faither has gane,
I, wearying, sit by the ingle alane,
At knitting or spinning, my fingers aye stray,
My thoughts ever roam to my bairn far away,
Your playthings, an' schule-books, your brownie land lore
Tell tales o' your childhood I oft linger o'er.

I watch oor auld "postie," an' feel my bluid thrill,
As he climbs the wee stile, 'tween oor hoose an' the mill.
I slip ben the room, no to let the man ken
I hae followed his step since he entered the glen,
I tremble a' owre, wi' a joy that's half fear
As he cries oot, "A letter frae ane ye lo'e dear."

Ah, laddie, dear laddie, it's little ye ken,
The guid that ye dae wi' ilk letter ye sen',
The brae sides in simmer far bonnier seem,

The bleak hills in winter, wi' bricht fancies gleam,
E'en the wee birdies trill in lichtsomer key,
I believe that they ken o' my bairn owre the sea.

I'm nae hand wi' big words, no shair that I spell
The wee anes a richt, but I'm shair that they tell,
There's a wee thackit hoose, i' the lug o' a glen,
Whaur whaups whirl roon i' their flicht to the ben,
Whaur a welcome's aye shair—dinna linger for fame,
For bats sune will build i' your forefaithers' hame."

Are there ony amang ye by writing can cheer
Some silver-haired lady or somebody dear,
Some thoughtless wild laddie, that tarries through shame?
Or someone too busy to think o' their hame?
A few simple words wi' a pencil or pen
Micht brichten life's roadway o' someone ye ken.

A BAIRN'S AMBITION.

WHEN me grows up an' be's a man,
  An' works for heaps o' money,
An' smokes a pipe, like Uncle Dan,
  Me'll buy a crutch for Grannie—
    Won't that be grand?

Then she can roam the lanes wi' me,
  An' gather nice, sweet posies;
For me's of'en heard her say
  She loves the wild, wild rosies—
    They smell so grand.

Poor Grannie's lame, an' sits an' sits
  In her chair near the windae;
Sometimes she sews, sometimes she knits,
  Every day but Sunday—
    An' then she reads.

My mammie says if she was rich
  As her big brither Dannie,
She would get a cooshened crutch
  For oor ain dear wee Grannie—
    That would be grand.

Poor daddie he was drowned at sea,
  An' Uncle Dan he's married,
An' says his wife she winna be
  Wi' his auld mither worried—
    That's my Grannie.

But when me grows as big a man
  As Robin Gray, the caddie,
I'll hae a ship—I'll ca'd the Swan—
  An' Grannie 'll be a lady—
    That will be grand.

An' mammie, too, she is so good,
  An' works so hard for money
To get good clo'es, an' nice good food
  For her an' me, an' grannie—
    She's awfully good.

O, yes; me'll soon be big, so big!
  Me's six years old nex' Monday—
T'anks; me'll put them in me's penny pig—
  Me never buys no candy—
    Me save them all for Grannie.

A COAST LULLABY.

HUSHABY ma bairnie, hushaby,
An' I'll croon ye a bonnie sang.
The wind sobs loud, an' the waves roll high,
An' tae sea yer faither maun gang.
Tae sea yer faither maun gang, ma bairn,
For he's mate o' the lifeboat Sue,
An' oor daily breid in the storm he maun earn—
Baith him and his hardy crew.
Then hush-hushaby-by, ma bonnie chairm,
Cuddle tae ma bosie, ma doo.
Keen is the e'e, an' strong is the airm
O' the mate o' the lifeboat Sue.

The white witch rides on the waves the nicht,
An' cheers the mad song o' the gale,
An' screechs in her rage at the lichthoose licht
That warns o' her treach'rous trail.
Hush! what soond is that, ma bairn?
It's a big gun's mighty roar;
There's a ship in distress aff the seaman's cairn,
An' they're asking help frae the shore.
Then hush-hushaby-by, ma bonnie chairm;
Yer faither kens his duty noo;
Guid Lord, oh! give strength to the heart and airm
O' the mate o' the lifeboat Sue.

Guid Lord! help them a' aff the seaman's cairn,
  Safe, safe tae oor shelt'ring quay—
Baith the wrecked an' the lads wha bravely earn
  Oor breid on the stormy sea.
Hush! hush! I hear a mighty cheer—
  "Hurrah! for the lifeboat Sue";
Tae mony a hame this nicht they're dear
  Baith the mate and his gallant crew.
    Noo sleep, sleep, ma hinny, ma bonnie chairm,
      Cuddle tae ma bosie, ma doo;
    Ye'll sune be as big an' as strong o' airm
      As the mate o' the lifeboat Sue.

A DREAM O' JED.

LAST night I dreamed a grand, grand dream,
  As lying on my soldier bed,
I dreamed I wandered o'er again
  The bonnie, bonnie banks o' Jed.
'Twas simmer time, the fields were green,
  An' lanes wi' flowers o' every hue
Breathed perfumes sweet, an' oh, my heart
  Drank in the beauties that I lo'e.

I thought I wandered to the tree
  Whose leaf-clad branches kindly spread,
A shady bower for lovers true
  That roam the bonnie banks o' Jed.
My Jean was there—her slae-black een
  Flashed me a welcome frae the heart.
I pressed her cherry lips to mine,
  An' vowed nae mair frae her to part.

Her nut-brown hair hung waving free,
  Blawn by the saft winds o' the west,
Amang the curly locks o' gold
  That crooned the laddie she lo'ed best.

Her roonded cheeks, red as the rose
  That blooms beneath the sky o' June,
Were dimpled wi' a winning smile
  That made my heart wi' gladness stoon.

We wandered, arm in arm, among
  The bloom upon the "Sunny Brae,"
An' pu'd the fragrant cups o' gold,
  An' strewed them a' alang oor way.
The river murmured clear an' sweet,
  The bushes throbbed wi' mellow song,
While love and fancy pictured scenes
  When right seemed ever with the strong.

The wild, rude scenes of long ago,
  When Dacre led fierce England's pride
Across the Border, to lay waste
  The hallans o' fair Teviotside.
Loud rang the slogan o' oor sires,
  As forth they charged with sword and spear
To brave the conquest-loving hosts—
  "On! on to victory! 'Jethart's here!'"

When bang! bang! and a cry "To guns!"
  Me frŏm a dream o' Jed awoke,
To charge a prowling, treach'rous race,
  Whose power was yet the Tyrant's yoke.

Onwards we rushed, and I am sure
  Above the conquering Yankies' cheer,
A Border slogan could be heard—
  "On, on to vict'ry! 'Jethart's here!'"

* * * * * * * * * *

Yes! Jethart's here! Where'er the call
  Of Freedom stirs heroic fires,
You'll find—and ever to the front—
  Descendants of unconquered sires,
With others o' that dauntless race,
  Whose land, tho' small, will ever be
Known as the foremost o' the Earth,
  That's slogan rang for Liberty.

THE OPEN DOOR.

THROW open wide the world's door
To men who bravely dare
The terrors of the flood and fire,
Or fiends of earth and air;
The age is past for man to fence
A patch of earth's domain,
And fancy God gave him the spot
Where he supreme can reign.

Stand back, ye loungers at the door,
With never-ceasing wail!
Block not the way of men who dare—
'Tis such as you who fail.
If there are dangers far ahead,
The dangers we must see,
And if there's treasure we will share
It with a hand that's free.

Our fathers pioneered the west,
They scorned the savage wrath,
And dared the raging elements
To block their foremost path;
So we, their sons, will brook no foe
That tries to bar our way;
'Tis progress urges us, and we
Know naught but to obey.

To them who dare the earth gives up
  The jewels of her heart,
And them who dare must and will have
  For all an open mart.
We've grain to sell, we've gold to lend,
  We will exchange or buy,
And as we're eager for the best,
  All markets we must try.

And there is still a nobler cause
  To urge the power that's brave—
To crush the bloody hand that makes
  Of brother man a slave.
We wish for peace, but will not shirk
  The duty of the free—
A duty that our sires bequeathed,
  Who gave us liberty.

Then open wide the world's door,
  Fling up the clasping bar,
No narrow entrance let it be,
  But let it swing afar;
We see no failure, for we know
  It is the Great God's plan
To bring together, hand-in-hand,
  The family of man.

HE FELL FOR LIBERTY.

HE came from the banks of the Aragon
To a country strange and new,
But shouldered a gun
Like a soldier's son,
And marched with our boys in blue.
He smoked our pipe, and he shared our watch,
For a comrade true was he,
With a heart aye light,
And an eye aye bright,
As he marched for Liberty.

He was ready aye at the bugler's call,
Tho' he dreamed of home afar,
Of an agèd pair,
And a maiden fair,
Away in his loved Navarre.
He sang the song of his Fatherland,
That rang of true chivalry,
And his eagle eye
Flashed a wild defy
As he fought for Liberty.

Yes, he was my mate for many a day
  Thro' the bloody fields of war;
And no heart more true
To our lads in blue
  Than this hero from Navarre;
And 'twas by my side he, fighting, fell,
  When our throats rang "Victory!"
'Neath that Southern sky
Where so many lie
  For the cause of Liberty.

Oh! I loved this lad from the Aragon,
  Tho' his tongue was strange to me;
The clasp of his hand
Was the linking band
  That joins the hearts of the free.
I'll shoulder my old gun once again—
  A relic of victory—
And fire o'er the grave
Of my comrade brave
  Who fell for man's liberty.

RARE HARVEST TIME.

RICH harvest days are here!
O, let us roam again
Thro' sylvan lanes and pleasant plains
Where droops the golden grain—
Thro' groves of spreading trees
Where feathered warblers trill,
And bells o' blue, a-gleam with dew,
Nid-nods unto the rill.

A-roaming, two by two,
A lassie and a lad,
With lightsome lays the season praise,
The days that make us glad;
The orchard trees bend low;
They wile us near, tho' mute;
With hearts aflow and cheeks aglow,
We pree the ripe red fruit.

O, bonnie harvest days!
That rare time o' the year
When berries red hang overhead,
When fairies haunt the mere;
A-thro' the fields we go
To gather in the gold,
That we will store, and linger o'er
When we are growing old.

OOR WILLIE.

INSCRIBED TO WM. MYLNE, A POPULAR MEMBER OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

A DROLL chiel' lives in oor toon—
  I'm sure ye ken him weel—
He's famous 'mang his neebours as a painter,
An' for a sang he taks the croon—
  He's humour tae the heel—
He beats Rab Gibbs, St. Mungo's great precentor.

He'd mak' ye dee o' lauchin'
  When he sings a comic sang,
For, losh, man! he's jist perfect in his actin';
An' if yer sair for fouchen
  Wi' the day time's drivin' thrang,
Jist hear him, an' yer ready for a fechtin.

Hear him sing the sangs o' Hame—
  Man, he can sing them fine!
Ye'd roar an' lauch tae hear him sing "Mac Fadyin";
Wi' "Bonnie Doon" or "Maggie Graham"
  He'd blur up baith yer een—
I tell ye, man, oor Willie, he's a guid yin.

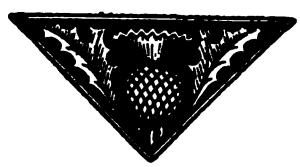
He'll imitate ilk bodie
  In "Auld Cronies o' Mine";
As I said afore, the man's a born actor,
An' at rend'ring "Tamson's Smiddie,"
  Ye'd think he was the yin
That coorted Auld Robin's bonnie dochter.

Ye ocht tae see him trip, man,
  The licht fantastic toe;
He's as yauld as a buck-flae owre a blanket;
At tellin' o' a story, man,
  He's the capstane o' the row;
For fish tales wi' the formaist he is ranket.

It's no jist in his singin';
  He is famous in his clan;
His warks o' brain deck many a wa' an' mantel;
An' in gall'ries they are hingin',
  For the critics' glow'rin' scan
A perfect "creatubater's" 'neath his cantel.

Oor Willie, withoot braggin',
  'Mang best o' men can sit.
His freenly pow, tho' bare, shields lots o' wit, man.
Lang may his tongue keep waggin',
  An' his cunning hand be fit—
For kindly deeds he'll never be forgot, man.

Then here's a health tae Willie!
Lang may he ever sing
"Auld Grannie's Pooch," "The Cronies" or "Mac Fadyin."
Three stirring cheers for Willie
That'll gar the rafters ring—
Let the warld ken "Oor Willie" is a guid yin!



THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

HE:

FAVORING winds now blow, dear lass,
And ready we're for sea;
At Duty's call I go, dear lass,
Far, far frae hame an' thee.

SHE:

I dread your gaun away, dear lad,
Sae far frae hame an' me;
A sailor's life's sae rough, brave lad,
An' dangers haunt the sea.

HE:

Keep up your heart, my ain dear lass,
You needna fear for me,
For dangers are as thick, dear lass,
On land as on the sea.

SHE:

Your mither will grieve sair, my lad,
When you are far away;
An' she's had cares enoo, my lad;
Weave nae mair hairs o' gray.

HE:

One voyage to the "Cape," dear lass,
I'll then hae gold enoo
To cheer my mither's heart, dear lass,
And wed the lass I lo'e.

SHE:

Maybe at ev'ry port, dear lad,
A sweetheart waits for thee;
Maybe they'll wile your love, dear lad,
Away frae hame an' me.

HE:

I hae nae lass but you, my love,
Nae ither lips I pree;
Sae dinna let such thoughts, my love,
Drift in your heart 'boot me.

SHE:

I never doobt your love, dear lad,
I ken you're true to me;
But still my heart is wae, my lad,
When you are on the sea.

HE:

My thoughts o' hame an' thee, my love,
Where e'er we reef a sail;
One kiss—one more for luck, my love—
Farewell, dear heart, farewell!

SHE:

I'll pray for you, my ain dear lad,
An' watch each hame-bound sail;
My heart is yours for aye, my lad,
Farewell, dear one, farewell!

PIPER WINTER.

BRAW auld, Piper Winter, kilt an' plaid o' snaw,
Keepin' frail folk pechin, wi' his furious blaw;
See him cock his bannet, jist a wee ajee,
Pipes flung owre his shoother, striding gallantlie.

Raidin' Piper Winter, a' the folk in toon
Steeks thir doors an' windows, 'gainst the rattlin' loon;
But he skirls the looder, shakin' wi' his din,
Chimneys, wa's an' rafters, tryin' to get in.

Lichtsome Piper Winter, tryin' for to pree
Bairnies that are jookin' 'roon aboot his knee;
Noo he'll grip a lassie, noo a lad he'll throw,
Tintin' cheeks an' noses wi' a rosy glow.

Mighty Piper Winter, garrin' big linns roar,
Wi' his icy breathings, welding stream an' shore;
Raising dykes o' danger wi' his giant feet,
King o' hill an' valley, lord o' park an' street.

Artist Piper Winter, thro' the forest goes
Weaving fleecy laces o'er the naked boughs;
Tracing on the windows quaint enchanted bowers,
Hanging from the bridges chains o' snowy flowers.

Kindly Piper Winter, rowin' in his plaid
Some wee hameless bairnie, some forsaken maid;
Soothing as he faulds them frae the World's care,
Crooning 'till they fancy 'tis a mother's pray'r.

Guardian Piper Winter, in the paths you go—
Maidens' cheeks bloom rarer, roses sweeter blow;
For you kill the canker wi' your biting colds,
An' keep a' things cosy wi' your snowy folds.

Welcome, then, Auld Winter, for the guid you dae,
Makin' bairnies happy, shieldin' glen an' brae;
Stirring men to action wi' your thrilling tune,
Striving, laughing Winter, persevering loon!

"KIRSTY'S ROBIN."

A Romance in Hamespun.

ROBIN TYNTOCK, "Kirsty's Robin,"
Left his loom an' gaed aroamin'—
Left his true love sobbin,' sobbin',
  To cross the deep blue sea.
Bid her farewell in the gloamin',
When the hedge-rows were a-bloomin,'
  An' the gowans deck't the lea.

"I'll come again," murmurs Robin,
"When the hawthorn lanes are buddin';
Dry your een, an' cease your sobbin',
  Wait one year an' a day—
One short year, an' then I'll gladden
My true love—my brown-haired maiden—
  One short year an' a day."

Kirsty waited, weary waited;
Slowly seemed the time in passin';
By the sea-side, watched an' waited,
  One long year an' a day.
Days glide by; soon months are passin',
Since the tryste time. Robin, hasten—
  Oh, why, lad, this delay?

Three months more, an' then came Jamie.
"Kirsty lassie, quit yer greetin';
Say the word an' ye can hae me;
  I'll aye be kind to thee."
Kirsty's fingers sought her knittin';
Turned to Jamie, who was sittin',
  Idly sittin' 'gainst a tree—

Stilled her grief, an' glanced at Jamie,
Who sat 'gainst the tree a-smilin'—
Careless, guid-for-naething Jamie,
  Wi' the laughin' roguish e'e—
Thought o' him, perhaps, a-sailin'—
Then looked seaward thro' the pailin',
  But no sign upon the sea.

Turned again to lazy Jamie,
An' said, "Weel, lad, gin yer willin'
For to take me you can ha'e me;
  A true wife I'll be to you,
For there's nae use in bewailin'
Owre a lad that went a-sailin'
  An' forgot a love sae true."

Where was Robin? Was he sailin'?
Was he other lands a-roamin'?
Was he other maids beguilin',
  Wi' his frank an' winning way,

Soft and sweet, as the wood dove's call,
Or strong as a bounding water-fall.

Long may she live to sing and tell
Of men and maids who bravely fell—
Of kindly deeds of lovers true—
Tales of the heart that's ever new—
And coming years will find her name
'Neath a Queenly wreath at the throne of Fame.

WHERE HEATHER BLOOMS.

OH, give me the hills and the valleys!
  There wi' my sheep I will roam!
I love not your towns, wi' their alleys;
  Where the heather blooms, there is my home.

Away wi' your halls o' gay revels,
  They leave on my mind but a gloom;
In your streets I am shadowed wi' evils—
  I'll away where the heather bells bloom.

You are famed for your grand architecture;
  You have parks that are wonders of art;
Give me the wild woodlands of Nature,
  And the hills that are dear to my heart;

Oh, grand are your art-flowing fountains,
  Where gracefully glides the proud swan,
But give me the clear lochs of our mountains,
  Where drink the royal roe buck and fawn.

I have drank from the goblet of pleasure—
  I have echoed the laugh of the fool—
I've gained by the price a rare treasure,
  A lesson from Wisdom's wide school;

Your maidens are fair and enticing,
  Their beauty oft dazzles my een,
And their wit to a rustic's surprising—
  But my heart is for none but my Jean.

I yearn for that auld mountain shieling—
  I crave for no mansions of stone—
I long for yon peat-tinted ceiling
  And mother's fond arms round her son;

Sae farewell to your towns and their alleys!
  Nae mair 'mang your beauties I'll roam;
And all hail to the hills an' the valleys
  Where the heather blooms—there is my home!

ANNIE. A LOVE SONG.

WHEN dew-drops are falling
  In simmer's lang gloaming,
I through the rich meadows
  Lilt lightly away;
I hear the maids calling,
  Their kye frae aroaming,
Before nicht's dark shadows
  Loom over the brae.

Where beds o' green bracken
  The hillsides adorning,
My lassie's rare song-notes
  Are wafted to me;
The song birds that waken
  In simmer's fair morning,
The glen wi' their flute throats
  Her mates canna be.

Like hue o' the moss rose
  The cheeks o' my dearie;
Her hair it is nut-brown,
  Her een black as slae;

Milk white as new fa'n snow
  The teeth o' my fairie,
Her skin soft as swan-down,
  An' pure as the May.

Like mist-clouds that gather
  An' hides the sun's glory,
The shades that droop over
  My Annie's dark een;
As we roam together
  I tell the auld story
That many a lover
  Hath whispered at e'en.

She answers wi' blushes,—
  I press her wee fingers,—
For somehow her wee hand
  Hath slipt into mine;
An' doon by the rushes
  As gloamin' still lingers,
I gie her a wee band
  That true lovers join.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. EDITHA J. MCLEAN, PORT ARTHUR.

LONG, long she waited for her bairn's return;
Her only one, her brave, kind-hearted boy.
For he had gone, arrayed in garb of war,
The same red path his father went before;
He seemed his father back to earth again,
As forth he went, her pride, her soldier son.

How she did cling around her laddie's neck;
No charm for her, the sound of fife and drum
That stirred the soldier's blood within his veins.
Her lips were closed; but from her eyes there fell
The tell-tale tear that told of her great grief—
He was her all—the widow's only one.

"I go," he said, "but cheer up, mother dear;
Our country calls, and I am duty bound."
And as he spoke, the soldier blood leaped high;
His eyes grew black (they were a grayish blue)—
"Ah, mother dear, our country's claim is strong,
And a base coward could not be your son."

She answered not, but her poor heart did ache,
For had she not already given one?
And now her bairn has gone, her bonnie lad,
And with him goes the sunshine from her heart.
"Cruel War," she moans, "You robbed me of my Love,
And now you wait, athirsting, for my son."

And as she waited for her bairn's return,
She dreamt she saw him on the field of War,
With blood-stained sword, leading his comrades on,
Into the very hell-bed of the fight;
Down fell the foe before his mighty arm,
And in her dream she gloried in her son.

And still she dreamed; and with a mother's eyes
She followed him thro' paths of human dead,
Driving the foe as 'twere into the sea;
And as she dreamed, a man of giant form,
Swarthy of skin, a chieftain of the East,
With lifted sword turned fiercely on her son.

And hate 'gainst hate, each eye ablaze with fire,
Each arm strengthened in their country's cause,
An equal fight, each trained for field of War,
Sword rung on sword. So it seemed in her dream
That as the fight she watched, she prayed, "Oh, Lord,
Give strength of arm to him, my only one."

Perhaps another dreamed of her brave son,
Awaiting by her tent for his return,
And prayed for strength to Allah for her lad,
For soon the widow saw each swordsman fall—
Fall, each a victor of the deadly strife;
Both conquered lay, yet each the fight had won.

She held her laddie's head upon her lap;
She smoothed the matted hair back from his brow;
She cooled his lips with water that a mate
Brought from a stream that gurgling ran near by;
She heard him say, "Kiss me, mother dear;
I die a soldier, and a soldier's son!"

She kissed his lips—and wakened from her dream!
And falling on her knees, spake thus to God:
"Good Lord, I thank You, that You led me where
My laddie lay, crushed by the heel of War,
To hear his last 'good-bye,' his closing lips to kiss,
And know he died as should a soldier's son."

Soon after to the widow's home there came
A message mounted with the "Seal of War;"
"Your son, dear madam, for his country fell
A hero, and a leader in our cause;
His last breathings were, 'Kiss me, mother dear,
I die a soldier and a soldier's son.'"

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS COLLIE.

COME here, auld collie, shaggy freen,
  Come lay yer nose upon my knee;
Yer once sleek body's frail an' lean,
  An' age has dimmed yer once gleg e'e;
I mind the time, my faithfu' Shag,
  Ye could a' ither dowgs outrun;
Praise gars ye still yer auld tail wag,
  A praise ye honestly hae won.

Yae nicht, when hills were clad wi' snaw,
  An' burns were bound wi' Frost's keen hand,
I had to cross the Rubberslaw,
  An' errand to auld Gibbie Shand;
My mither tell't me how you whined
  An' pu'd an' pu'd her to the door,
An' when she op't it, like the wind
  You scud thro' snaw across the moor.

Weel was't for me ye had the wit
  To snift the danger I was in,
Or else some ither hand, puir bruit,
  This nicht wad rub yer auld dry skin;

I mind fu' weel, my errand dune,
  I hameward turned. Faith! sic a nicht!
The Storm King's mantle hid the mune
  That was to me my guide an' licht.

Auld Boreas he madly blew
  The thick'ning snaw flakes in his wrath;
The big snaw drifts far bigger grew,
  An' deep lay hidden ditch an' path;
I got confused; I scarce could gang;
  The whirling snaw flakes drave me blind;
To cheer me up I tried a sang,
  But grimmer thochts ruled o'er my mind.

In some snaw trap my feet went foul;
  I thocht my course was run at last;
'Twas then I heard yer welcome howl
  That mingled wi' the northern blast;
New courage gained, I hallo'd "Shag,"
  As weel's my weak'ning breath wad ca',
An' by yer help, tho' dour the drag,
  I warstled frae my grave o' snaw.

When Nature, in a reckless mood,
  Wild rivers made o' mountain rills,
'A' by yersel ye've braved the flood
  An' drave the sheep up to the hills;

An', faith! ye were a lawless dowg!
  Aye, you an' me a tale could tell,
How mune-licht nichts—you poachin' rogue!—
  But that's a story 'tween oorsells.

But come ye here! lie on that rug!
  The best is no' owre guid for you!
An' honest freen's man's faithfu' dowg,
  'Mong smiles or sneer they're ever true;
How often man, new freens to win,
  Will scorn the auld, an' ill words say;
  But dowgs—dumb bruits—are far abune
  Sic shallow freenships o' a day.

A BRITHER SCOT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. JAMES F. DICKIE, ON HIS CALL TO THE AMERICAN CHURCH, BERLIN, GERMANY.

THE bonnie flooers that come in May
And beautify the field an' brae,
Altho' in Autumn they decay,
  Their seed will bloom again.

The songster sings, then goes away,
Perhaps a while, perhaps for aye,
But yet the echo o' his lay
  In memory remains.

The wee burn rippling owre the brae
Refreshes many on its way;
The bush that's drooket wi' its spray
  Wi' richer blossoms hang.

This man whose deeds are ever kind—
Whose eye reflects a noble mind—
His grasp a proof unto the blind—
  What tho' he's called away

36203B

To other lands that wish to share
Those talents that to men are rare—
To lead in study or in pray'r
  The seekers o' our Lord?

The seed o' Truth—that he has sown;
Look ye around how well it's grown;
E'en frae amidst the brier an' stone
  We see its sprouts to-day.

His kindly deeds in life portray
The rippling burn's refreshing spray,
That drooks the bushes on its way
  Unto the mighty sea.

An' like the songster's lichtsome lay,
Altho' by dreamy Spree he'll stray,
His teachings will remain for aye
  In many a heart an' home.

NORTH BERWICK BY THE SEA.

On the Death of a Wandering Scot.

THE mighty pine trees darken. A glorious view frae me—
Wild, boundless, trackless prairies, roll 'tween me an' the sea;
A burning, wasting fever has chained me, laid me low,
And, oh! my heart is far away, where caller breezes blow.

I hear—I ken 'tis fancy—the sea-mews' eerie cry,
As roond an' roond they circle, between the sea an' sky;
I hear the breakers roaring, telling o' treacherie
That lurks alang yon auld toon's shore—North Berwick by the Sea.

I roam by auld Tantallon, an' climb its ruined wa's;
My bluid athrill wi' Douglas, wha strode within its ha's;
A bairn again, a-dreaming o' lang syne chivalry
That haunts ilk stane in yon auld toon—North Berwick by the Sea.

I see the sands a-gleaming, a field o' pearl an' gold;
The Bass wi' mist cap frowning like some gray witch of old;
I see a blue-eyed maiden that's ever true to me,
That I hae trysted in yon toon, North Berwick by the Sea.

I see a whinstane biggin, the last ane o' the Raw,
That guards the auld road's turning that leads up to the Law;
A hame it's noo for strangers, but weel I mind the day
When in its cosy but an' ben a bairnie I did play.

I stand where sleep my parents, amang the auld toon's dead;
A hawthorn spreads its glory abune their earthy bed;
I fain wad lie beside them, but, oh! it canna be,
For many a trackless prairie rolls 'tween me an' the sea.

Hold—hold me up, dear campmate! A Singer's drawing near
Who sings a sang that thrills me, with rich notes long an' clear;
The trees gleam wi' His glory; A Guide He comes to me,
To lead my soul beyond yon toon, North Berwick by the Sea.

THE SONG OF THE SKATER.

A KING you may feel on your favorite wheel
  Over roads that are level an' wide,
But give me the mere, smooth, solid, an' clear.
  And a sure-footed lass by my side;
Let the wintry winds blow, the faster we'll go,
  Shod with steel from the toe to the heel;
With laughter an' song we'll join the gay throng,
  As in circles they merrily wheel.

The calm summer days the poet can raise
  As he drinks from the cup of his Muse,
An' sings of the flow'rs, an' jessamine bow'rs,
  An' red lips of the lady he woos;
But rime drooping trees, an' keen winds that freeze,
  Are the beauties to me of the year,
As I merrily glide, a lass by my side,
  O'er the thick frozen, smooth, glassy mere.

When leaves turn an' fall, the stirring foot-ball
  Is a sport that is fit for a King,
But when comes the snow, an' wintry winds blow,
  An' the frost o'er the river beds cling,
Oh, give me the mere, wide, solid an' clear,
  An' a bonnie lass, jolly an' leal;
Then, ho! merry ho! a-singing we'll go,
  As forward an' backward we wheel.

A SOLDIER BOY'S LETTER TO MOTHER.

DEAR mother, I ken you'll be waitin'
For news frae your wild laddie Graeme,
But you ken I'm a puir hand at writin',
Tho' I never forget o' my hame.
I received your dear kindly letter,
An' was glad to get the guid news
That faither was now getting better,
An' had rented the croft o' the Hews.

An' Maggie still sticks to the teachin'—
She'll soon hae a school o' her ain—
But Jock he's no fit for the preachin',
Let him stick to his chisel an' plane.
Wha'd ever hae thought that oor Mary
Could be dux for over six weeks—
An' Kate does a' the wark o' the dairy,
An' wee Rab has his first pair o' breeks!

Weel, mother, there's word that oor reg'ment
Soon will get orders for hame,
An' I've got promoted to serjeant!
Hoo's that for your wild laddie Graeme?

I saved the life o' oor captain—
  Nae mair than I ought to hae done—
Frae the sword o' a wild Arab chieftain,
  Wi' a blow frae the butt o' my gun.

God bless you, my dear loving mother,
  Tho' thoughtless, I think aye of thee;
I ken I hae been lots o' bother
  An' brought many tears to your e'e;
But my hand's noo beginning to tremble;
  This climate seems bad for the een;
My thoughts are beginning to ramble;
  I'm better wi' bay'net than pen.

My tent-mate—brave fellow—lies sleepin',
  You ken him—'tis big Charlie Hall—
An' it's time 'neath my plaid I was creepin',
  Sae I'll finish wi' love to you all.
Good-night, my ain dear auld mother,
  I think we'll be hame aboot June,
An' altho' I'm rechristened wi' poother,
  You'll find I am still your wild loon.

TEN YEARS TO-DAY.

VERSES TO MY WIFE ON OUR TIN WEDDING.

DEAR partner, maker o' oor hame,
  An' dearer still, "wee mither,"
Ten years hae gane since we agreed
  Wi' love to toil thegether;
Oor fields hae aften yielded burrs
  When we expected clover,
An' when we needed sunshine maist
  Oor sky's been clouded over.

Ten years to-day! A span o' Time
  That's drawn oor hearts still nearer,
An' toddlin' feet, an' chubby cheeks,
  Hath made oor hame mair dearer.
My task's made lichter by your smile,
  An' brichter gleams oor ingle,
Where bonnie curls o' broon an' gold
  Wi' beard an' tresses mingle.

No ugly frowning Gorgon's head—
  A sculptor's horrid vision—
Stares demon-like above oor gates
  All jealous of intrusion.
Oor doorway's sma'; the rooms are wee;

An' humble is oor table;
But comfort gleams in ev'ry neuk
Frae woodshed to front gable.

Ten years to-day! God grant we may
Be many more together,
Ere Death the Parter's siccar blow
Asunder cleaves life's tether.
Ye've learned my ways; ye ken my faults—
Perhaps they grieve ye often—
An' yet I ken to some o' them
Your heart begins to soften.

We men-folks lack the virtues rare
That make divine the human—
It only can be reached by her,
Man's fair companion, woman!
Sae at oor best we men hae faults,
But to fair woman's given
The virtues, and the power to lead
Us willingly to Heaven.

Again, dear wife! I say to thee
I bless our first fond meeting,
When I found out this heart o' mine
For love of you was beating.
Ten years hae gane; the heart still loves—
Yes, with a love that's stronger—
While life it lasts true love lives long.
While life it lasts and longer.

MacLEANS OF FAIR GLENRHOE.

THE heath bell withered on the ben
Grass yellowed on the lea,
And shallower, shallower sunk the stream
That zig-zagged slowly thro' the glen—
A throbbing string of silver gleam—
With story to the sea,
Of simple Gael whose patriot soul
Links grandeur to Auld Scotia's scroll
  Of song and chivalry,
Yet forced in distant lands to roam
In quest perhaps of kindlier home,
  For cause men oft bewail.
Ah, well, 'tis better for the land
That opens wide with welcome hand
  Their gates unto the Gael.
For western wild and eastern mine
Bare the imprint of Ossian's line—
At college, church, or busy mart,
At seat of war or fount of art;
In all the New World's paths to fame
We hear the clink of Highland name.
  But turn we with the stream,
Past bush and flower and half ripe grain,
That shrinks and droops for lack of rain
To the wee shieling of MacLean
  The burden of my theme.

"Speak man!" what brings ye o'er the hill
  What seek ye in Glenrhoe!
What message did the chieftain send
To the MacLean, his father's friend—
  Speak man, we fain would know!
The chief—our chief! hath sold the land;
  They'll tear our shieling down,
And drive us forth, unjust command,
  Why, man! this land's our own.

"The old chief was my husband's friend,
  When death claimed his young wife,
To nurse his son he gave the land
From "Mona's Height" down to the Strand
  To us while lingers life.
My Hugh, my first-born bonnie lad,
  He that was drowned at sea,
Was but a bairnie at the breast,
When Donald brought the nursling guest,
  Our good chief's son to me.

"He learned God's grandeur at my knee,
  Our songs, our country's tale—
And Donald trained his eager hand
To guard our homes—protect our land
  From foemen of the Gael.
At Delhi, in the hated strife,
  Angus, my soldier son,

Saved him, our chief, an ingrate's life,
  And lost, brave lad, his own.

"My bairns all dead, my husband blind,
  Our kin all o'er the sea;
Ah, happy days, no more again
The slogan of the Clan MacLean,
  The music of the free,
Will gather us as it did of yore
  Our tartans in the glen,
Our good chief dead, his son no more
  A leader of our men.

"A Sassenach has bought the land,
  For deer parks, did you say?
The Sass'nach own our braes, our bens ,
Our father's cairns, our bonnie glens—
  Woe, woe befall this day.
His birthright sell, false be your tale,
  How could he e'er have sold
Land that was bought with blood of Gael
  For hated Southron gold.

"Our bodies frail, bent o'er with Time
  Where, man! where can we go?
He offers a dependent's bed,
A pauper's homeless, cheerless shed

To us of fair Glenrhoe.
Go back to him who dares to sell
The land his father gave—
Tell him to-morrow it will be
Unburdened, tenantless and free—
From height to Ocean's wave."

That night, from sea to river's head
The hills were all aglare—
Wild rolling waves of lurid red
Like hell-winged furies fiercely sped
Sweeping before the frantic herds
Of sheep and deer, and blinded birds
Whose shriekings rent the air.

From cot to cot went forth the cry
Awak'ning all Dunyre,
A troubled, ling'ring, thrilling cry,
"The heather is on fire."

* * * * * *

At mirk the smoke-veiled heavens burst;
Down, down in torrents came
The saving rain with roaring gush,
Quenching the furious rolling rush
Of dire destructive flame.

At dawn Old Sol looked o'er the ben
  On miles of blighted heath,
At dawn the factor sought again
The straw-thatched shieling of MacLean,
  Thro' footways strewn with death,
No stir of life fell on his ear,
Save sob of swollen stream,
That carried to the northern sea
The smitten growth of hill and lea.
  Grim mourners of my theme—
Some flame-swept bushes on the brae
  A patch of blackened grain,
A smould'ring heap of stone and clay
A reeking cairn of yesterday—
The shieling of MacLean.

No more to man MacLeans will plead,
  For near "Gray Malcolm's Stone,"
Some crofters found at ebb of tide
Their lifeless bodies side by side,
Their shroud a gathering of sea-weed,
Their dirge the Ocean's moan.

ROBERT BURNS.

JULY 21ST, 1796.

LOW lay the singer, Scotia's ploughman Bard,
  Neglected by the hands that urged him forth,
Knowing his gifts, feeling his words of fire,
  Yet dare not whisper, would not breathe his worth,
But hid behind his faults, the faults they nursed,
  That loomed awhile, clouding his rarer skies;
They hid with tightened purse and closed eyes.

The cry went out, "toll, toll the city bell,"
  In mourning drape the hallan, ha' and throne."
The cry went out, and all the great world heard,
  "Our poet's dead," Auld Scotia's gifted son,
He that has sang a song for Scotia's sake
  And felt as only a true poet can,
The inward throbbings of his fellowman.

"Our poet's dead," and those that stood aloof,
  Behind his faults that shadowed forth his worth,
With hurried steps, lips ready to him praise,
  Sought where he lay, to idolize the earth,
Awakened to the grandeur of the soul,
  In life delayed—now eager to atone
By raising to his memory, a stone.

JULY 21ST, 1896.

A hundred years and yet but half awake
  We grasp the jewels of that gifted brain,
Of the rare bard, that sang for Scotia's sake
    A living song.
A wreath of gems, that ever radiant gleams
  And flashes over all man's wide domain,
    Wooing the throng.

Past worlds of art, to where the golden broom,
  And blue-bells wave and nod and linties trill,
Where lads and lassies meet at gloamin's gloom,
    By burn an' brae,
Wiled by that pow'r that leadeth heart to heart,
  That hidden sympathetic subtle thrill,
    Love's mighty sway.

Woos thirsty minds from ev'ry man-trod clime,
  Unto that tomb, where fell a poet's dust,
Whose genius created gems sublime
    For all the world.
Who felt, and met the righteous bigot's sting,
  With scorching wit, and at the niggard, just
    Keen satire hurl'd.

He of the mighty soul, the rare foresight,
  That fearless, grandly sang, "A man's a man,
Whate'er his rank" (our pampered brother's hight),
    The master line,

Whose jeweled links encircles all the world,
Welded by love. The great Creator's plan,
The chain divine.

A hundred years, brief period of man,
Still bigots teach, bigots of every creed,
And cynics sneer—and narrow minds still ban
With closed eyes.
And gold still rules a tyrant over worth,
And gilded rank, the boast of Adam's seed,
Pride's steel-forged ties.

But speech rules free, words of the heart now soar,
And rank lies bare, before the wak'ning mind,
From sea to sea, from distant shore to shore—
"A man's a man."
Hand claspeth hand. Quakes now the tinseled pow'r–
"A man's a man" re-echoes all mankind,
Bright gleams worth's dawn.

A hundred years, a field of golden grain,
Mown down and garnered by old Farmer Time—
Years of great triumphs of the human brain,
And yet man turns
To idolize a tiller of the soil?
A horny-handed follower of toil?
Far more! A singer of the heart's rare song,
A cunning workman of the art sublime,
Our Robert Burns.

THE GLEANER.

HER frail, lean body, bent with age and care,
Long since robbed of the maiden's rounded charms,
She stoops and gathers o'er the reapered field
The scattered straws—within her shrunken arms.

The faded, much patched, oft washed gown,
Tucked up to give her limbs more ease to creep,
Tells of hard times, and yet of cleanly ways,
Of busy hands, when others, resting, sleep.

A wide-mouthed bonnet, tied beneath her chin,
Protects the wrinkled face from glaring rays;
A chin wherein a dimple still remains—
A mark of beauty, gone with better days.

The sound of reapers in a near-by field
Awake, perhaps, fond mem'ries of the past—
Bring back a village belle's romantic dreams,
Ere with a heartless ne'er-do-well her lot was cast.

She sees, perhaps, a rosy blushing lass,
Sought, for her charms, by many a rural swain,
Following the reapers, with a lightsome heart,
To ready fields of ripened golden grain.

With supple limbs, behind the flashing knives,
  She runs and lifts within her rounded arms
The rich, ripe sheaf, and lays it in the band
  For him, her binder, one wooed by her charms.

From bench or anvil, or some shepherd lad
  Who leaves awhile his sheep and trusty crook,
To help his master get the harvest yield—
  In drying rows of shapely, goodly stook.

At noon, beside a hedge, they sit them down;
  He, man-like, asks her to become his bride;
But she, the village belle, has heart for only one—
  The master's son, who reckless past them rides.

Ah, me! the poor frail gleaner feebly moans,
  "I scorned the reaper for the horseman gay,
And now, alone, I creep and trembling glean
  The stubble fields in life's sere autumn day."

THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

THE queen lies dead, in the royal house,
  And a good, good queen was she—
And around the casket rich and grand
  Weep many of high degree.
The cathedral bells ring in solemn chimes
  And singers of names far known
Chant the classic dirge of the royal dead
  For the truest that wore a crown.

Away from the court, its pomp, its pride,
  From halls of rich display,
On a bleak hillside, in a peasant's cot
  Weeps a widow frail and gray,
She weepeth because her queen lies dead,
  For a good, good queen was she,
Who was loved for her noble woman-heart
  And not for her royalty.

The widow remembers one sad day—
  A day in years long gone;
When her husband was laid in his lowly grave,
  Near the banks of their native Don.
She remembers the lady—the first of the land,

How she came to her cottage drear,
And tried in her kindly, goodly way
The widowed heart to cheer.

"I, too, am a widow," the good queen said,
"So a sister I am to you,
And our hearts both ache for the love we have lost
For the men we loved so true."
They sat hand in hand for many an hour,
The queen and the cotter dame,—
It left a great love in the lowly cot
And honored the royal name.

Let the royal bards chant the classic dirge,
The princely mourners pray,
While castle, church and all are draped
In sombre, wide display.
But she who kneels in her lowly cot,
With heart sad, tear-wet e'en,
Is a greater proof of the noble heart
That beat in Britain's queen.

A WAR BROTHER.

BRAVE fellow! he's dead, let us bury him deep
From the vulture's blood searching claws;
For he is a brother, tho' little he loved
Our power as a maker of laws.

He has fought like a soldier, an' died like a man;
Ev'ry shot it is gone from his belt;
So we, his war brothers, will lay him away
In the bowels of this wild rocky veldt.

Here's a letter that's fallen from out of his kit,
The writing is strange unto me,
But it's proof that there's someone awaits his return,
Whoever that someone may be.

Lift him gently, brave chums, fold around him this plaid—
It belongs to a generous clan,
Who have loved in all times the true spirit that guides
To the front the brave fighting man.

Lay his gun down beside him, he used it with pride,
We know with an accurate aim,
But such a bold foeman, we'll treat with respect,
As we hope to be treated the same.

Come, Mac, throw over your shoulder the pipes
An' play up "Lochaber No More;"
It's a dirge of the mountains appropriate now
O'er the grave of this patriot Boer.

An' Bill, you are handy, come carve on this stone—
Never mind, do the best that you can—
Use that bay'net, it's broken, the words—let them be—
"Here lies a true fighting man."

They buried him deep from the vulture's cruel claws,
They marked his lone grave with a stone,
An' turned to forget, as soldiers will do,
Their deed ere the breaking of dawn.

But the stone it may stand for many a day,
When war's bloody carnival's o'er.
Perhaps as a plea to unite for all time
The hand of the Briton and Boer.

OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE.

INSCRIBED TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY AND SUNG BY ROBERT S. RANKIN, NOV. 30th, 1899.

'TIS fifty years ago since first
Within this city fair,
St. Andrew's bairns did celebrate
With song and speeches rare.
Some have been gathered to their Sires,
Beyond the azure sky;
But what they've done for Scotland's sake
Will never, never die.

Now, some of them are with us yet,
Heads white as driven snow,
Who sang oor sangs—brave Scotia's sangs—
Just fifty years ago.
Come, let us toast them, one and all;
Fill high the festive bowl,
And drink them health and happiness,
With wines that cheer the soul.

For Scotland's sake they proved their worth,
Whatever was the test;
And carved forever are their names

Among Columbia's best.
They guarded aye Old Glory's folds,
And so with pride will we,
Altho' at times we sing, like them,
Of Scotland, owre the sea.

Then rise, rise to your feet again!
Stand brithers side by side,
Auld rugged Scotland's sturdy bairns,
And fair Columbia's pride.
This glorious night our Jubilee
Around the festive bowl,
To lasting friendship we will drink
In wine that cheers the soul.

YON BONNIE BLUE BELL.

PU' me, dear sister, yon bonnie blue bell
That grows on the bank, near the wishing well;
To-night comes a gallant, handsome an' fair,
Sae I wish the bloom for my nut-brown hair;
  Haste ye, an pu' me yon bonnie blue bell,
    Sister o' mine, sister dear,
  Frae yon bonnie bank, near the wishing well,
    Sister o' mine, sister dear.

"I'll pu' ye a rose near the trysting tree,
A bonnie red rose, an' gi'e it to thee;
You'll wear it to-night in thy nut brown hair,
To please your true gallant, handsome an' fair;
  I'll pu' ye a rose near the trysting tree,
    Sister o' mine, sister dear,
  A bonnie red rose, an' gi'e it to thee,
    Sister o' mine, sister dear.

Pu' not the red rose near the trysting tree,
For its sworded stem thy rich blood might pree,
An' a bluid-bought trophy I'd never wear.
Tho' it please a gallant handsome an' fair;
  Sae pu' not the rose near the trysting tree,

Sister o' mine, sister dear,
For its sworded stem thy rich bluid might pree,
Sister o' mine, sister dear.

I'll pu' ye the primrose frae the green brae,
The first born flow'r—o' flow'r mother May;
I'll weave it wi' green, an' to-night you'll wear
The yellow an' green in your nut brown hair;
I'll pu' ye the primrose frae the green brae,
Sister o' mine, sister dear,
The first born flow'r o' flow'r mother May,
Sister o' mine, sister dear.

"No! no! not the primrose frae the green brae,
Or the rue I'll wear ere summer decay;
The eye now love-lit be dimmed wi' a tear,
The red-rounded cheek be hollow an' sere;
"No! no! not the primrose frae the green brae,
Sister o' mine, sister dear,
Or the rue I'll wear ere summer decay,
Sister o' mine, sister dear.

I'll pu' ye, sister, the bonnie blue bell
That sparkles wi' dew near the wishing well,
That gem o' true love, dear sister, you'll wear
On a snow white band in thy nut brown hair.
I'll hasten an' pu' ye the bonnie blue bell,
Sister o' mine, sister dear,

That sparkles wi' dew near the wishing well,
Sister o' mine, sister dear.

* * * * * * *

The Fairy o' Love, sweet Queen o' the well,
Searched a' around for the bonnie blue bell;
But she looks in vain, for a maiden fair
Has pu'd the wee flow'r for her sister's hair,
An' Cupid, gay Cupid, sings over the hill,
"Sister o' mine, sister dear,
A string for my bow, my quiver refill,
Sister o' mine, sister dear!"

THE FAIREE COMPANEE.

My grannie had often said to me,
When I toddled a wee thing at her knee:
"When the woods hang ripe wi' nut an' slae,
An' the hawthorn's red on the auld mill brae,
Through the Birk grove, past the auld white thorn,
Gang yer lone-way i' the first peep o' morn.
An' in the green glade, near the big elm tree,
Ye'll find the Fairee Companee.

I dreamed o' their doings nicht an' day—
'Till I reached the age of six times twae;
Then, when the cherries were sweet to pree,
An, the berries hung red on the rowan tree,
Frae oor hoose I crept, one early morn,
When the dew still hung on the rip'ning corn,
To seek the green glade, near the big elm tree,
Where bide the Fairee Companee.

I crept past the kirkyard on the hill,
Roon by the schoolhouse, an' doon by the mill,
Doon the dam side, then over the rail,
An' crossed by the steppin' stanes over the Kayle,

Syne thro' the grove, past the auld white thorn,
Whose branches hung wet wi' the dew o' the morn;
Then' ent'ring the glade, I hid 'hind the tree,
To watch the Fairee Companee.

The flickerin' licht o' incomin' day
Threw shadows 'roon me gruesome an' gray,
But a soond o' mirth garred me keek roon the tree,
An' there was a sicht brang the sun to my e'e;
Roon' a big stane, singin' an' cheerin',
Funny wee folk, hand in hand, were careerin',
Red-cheeked, roon' bellied, a' shakin' wi' glee,
A queer wee broon-coated companee.

Dame Nature, who ever is kind to her ain,
Had covered wi' moss the roon' muckle stane;
On top, mang a glitter that dazzled my e'en,
Sat a bonnie wee lass I s'posed was their Queen;
She held in her hand a tiny sheep's horn
That was fu' to the brim wi' ripe golden corn;
An' aye as she waved it, they sang merrilee,
An' thus sang the Fairee Companee:

"Before the dew drops off the thorn,
We'll gather nuts, we'll store our corn;
Before the sunbeams kiss the lea
We'll dance and sing right merrilee,

For a happy, busy folk are we,
The merry, merry Fairee Companee."

The rest o' their sang I dinna ken,
For the sun blinked through the trees just then,
An' like a flash the fairees were gane,
While a tree toad croaked on the moss covered stane;
I looked a' aroon, mang grass an' mang corn,
But naething I found but this wee sheep horn,
Wherever I wander, I carry 't wi' me
A token o' Fairee Companee.

THE HEROES O' DARGAI GAP.

ONCE again they have saved old Britain's proud name,
An' curbed the fain cry that was ready wi' shame
Have awakened the world to Scotia's worth,
As the pipes stirred them on wi' the cock o' the North.
Smoke an' blood dimmed the hue o' the bright tartan plaid
As they rushed thro' the zone wi' bayonet an' blade
But Gordons will take it an' brave Harry knew
There was no, no retreat wi' the bonnets o' blue.

From the gun bristling ridge came death sweeping rain,
Stirring Findlater's pipes to an angrier strain;
Both legs they were torn an' shattered wi' shot,
But to glory he piped the unfaltering Scot,
With back 'gainst a boulder, he played an' he played
While the furious blacks dropped their weapons dismayed,
Then wi' fear driven yells to the hollows they flew,
Leaving fortress an' guns wi' 'oor bonnets o' blue.

What say you, alarmist, has Britain decayed;
Has rust eaten thro' her once-conquering blade?
No, never as long as auld Scotland has sons
To blow her rare pipes, or shoulder her guns;
Then hurra' for the heroes o' Dargai Gap,
Rank their names wi' the laddies that humbled proud Nap.
There is mist in our een for the lads that we lo'e
But it comes wi' oor pride for the bonnets o' blue.

THE PAIRTINGS O' YESTREEN.

INSCRIBED TO MY COUSIN, MRS. JAMES PENNYCOOK, HAWICK.

WE miss the pitter-patter
  O' the wee feet on the flair,
The lichtsome guileless laughter
  We'll hear on earth nae mair;
For oor bonnie bairns lie sleepin'
  Aneath yon sod sae green,
An' the tears rin doon as we lay away
  The wee shoes o' yestreen.

In ilka neuk's a something
  To remind us o' oor weans—
A wee doll here, a bookie there,
  That bare wee finger stains;
Sae oor hearts are heavy, heavy,
  An' tears will dim oor een,
As we gather up to lay away
  The playthings o' yestreen.

We watched wi' pride oor darlings
  Grow bonnier day by day,
An' thocht they'd be oor comfort
  When we were frail an' gray;

But the shadow crossed oor threshold
  An' darkened hope's fair scene,
An' the tears rin doon as we hide away
  The pictures o' yestreen.

At the wee bed we linger,
  Where we aye at sleeptime's 'oor
Knelt near oor slumb'ring darlings,
  Praying the Heavenly Pooer
To keep them pure an' happy,
  Fit for a fairer scene,
An' the tears rin doon as we fold away
  The goonies o' yestreen.

It's hard, hard, to lose them,
  But there's a future day,
When freens an' kin that's pairted
  Will meet again for aye;
Sae we will join oor bairnies
  When love will reign serene,
Tho' oor hearts are sair, an' we sob to-day
  O'er pairtings o' yestreen.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

He stooped, for he carried Time's burden,
  And his step was shaky and slow,
But his heart was as brave as ever,
  And his eye had a youthful glow;
Men told of his country's danger
  From a bold war-thirsting foe,
And his hand clutched the trusty broadsword,
  But it tired with his fancy's blow.

He sought his couch, body-wearied,
  Where his eyes were soon closed in sleep,
And in a dream his life rolled backward,
  O'er the sands of Time's great deep;
He held to his heart his mother—
  He kissed the red lips of his Mame—
He strode with a soldier's bearing,
  And yearned for a warrior's name.

He marched to the field of battle,
  Inspired by the roll of the drum,
And he laughed where the fight was thickest
  At the joke of a soldier chum;
He leaps with a leader's daring

To the brave color-bearer's aid,
And a foeman falls at ev'ry blow
That he strikes with his goodly blade.

But safe is his country's banner,
Driven seawards back the bold foe,
And he wakes an honored victor—
A brave victor of long ago;
And in voice that is strong and steady,
Altho' trembles his willing hand,
He urges his children to stand aye true
To God and their native land.

"Remember the blood of your kinsmen,
That ran in streams to the sea,
To buy what is now your birthright—
The home of the brave and free."
Too strong was the warrior spirit—
For its tottering, time-worn cell ,
And—they laid him to rest on the hillside,
Where his warrior comrades fell.

"A' BODY'S WEAN."

Deep the blue o' Dame Nature's ceiling,
  Rich wi' dew shone her mantle o' green,
When auld Rab frae his auld thacket sheiling,
  Hirpled doon to the foot o' the Dean;
Soon his auld een they bulged out wi' wonder,
  For there, side the roond muckle stane,
A basket—an', maist extraordner,
  Within it, asleep, a wee wean.

The basket auld Rabbie soon shouthered,
  Awa' up to his lanely auld hame,
Where the gossipin' neebours soon gathered,
  Wond'ring a' frae where the wean came;
They gossiped an' wrangled thro' ither
  'Boot the feet an' the e'en o' the wean,
An' wondered wha could be its mither?
  An' where could its daddie ha'e gaen?

But their tongues soon ceased their waggin',
  An' kind hands soon fed the wee loon;
An' for mithers he needna gang beggin',
  For ilka wife claimed him in toon.
He grew up a fine bonnie laddie,
  Ilk ane treated him as their ain;

Auld Rab was a kind-hearted daddy,
  An' we ca'd him "A'body's wean."

At schule, I mind fine o' wee Rabbie—
  Such curls an' such bonnie blue e'en—
Ae day he was brither to Babbie
  An' next he was brither to Jean;
At jumpin', or rinnin', or wrestlin'
  Wee Rabbie could aye stand his ain,
An' he was either lauchin' or whistlin'—
  This loon that was A'body's wean.

He turned oot a brave-hearted fellow;
  To auld Rab he was noble an' kind.
Na, his folk they were never heard tell o',
  But the laddie seemed never to mind;
The rambles that we had together
  Come back to my mem'ry again,
As I roamed thro' the rich, fragrant heather
  Wi' oor Babbie an' a'body's wean.

I thought—but my heart's for anither—
  When he ca'd me his wee pawky Jean,
That he meant to be mair than a brither—
  But then, I was only sixteen,
An' Babbie, tho' just twa years aulder,
  Was sae quiet, an' wad roam aff alane,
When I, aye a talker, an' baulder,
  Wad be daffin' wi' A'body's wean.

But auld Rab he dee'd, an' the laddie,
  Ambitious Fame's ladder to climb,
Went to sea on a ship called the Naddie,
  That sailed for some far distant clime;
Months an' years they rolled past, an' no letter
  Frae him that we loo'ed as oor ain,
But we aye lived in hope, 'twas far better
  Than dwell on such thoughts as gave pain.

Ae day I was thrang makin' butter,
  An' Babbie was cairdin' some 'oo;
When oor faither cam' in wi' a letter
  Frae the lad we a' loo'ed sae true;
He'd got lost frae his ship in the Indies,
  An' through many hardships he came,
But oor hearts they grew licht as the linties
  When we read he was on his way hame.

'Twas aboot the last days o' September,
  We had cut doon oor last sheaf o' wheat,
O'er the dyke sprang a big-bearded stranger,
  Wha hugged 'till I fair had to greet;
It was that loon, oor auld farrant Rabbie,
  Come back to his auld freens again,
An' noo, though he's married oor Babbie,
  Still to us he is A'Body's Wean.

AULD SCOTIA.

WE love oor dear auld mitherland,
  Ilk wimpling burn, an' roaring river;
Her rugged glens an' rock-bound strand
  Are scenes that cling to mem'ry ever;
The pink tipp'd gowans on the lea,
  The yellow broom, the purple heather,
An' blue bells noddin' saucilie
  For winsome maids to stoop an' gather.

The frowning rocks where eagles nest,
  Stern thrilling proofs o' nature's graudeur,
The crumblin' scaurs wi' golden crest,
  An' brae-sides strewn wi' Flora's splendor;
The highland tarns an' mountains steep,
  The princely ha', the lowly shieling,
The moss-grown moat, and ivied keep,
  A storied past to all revealing.

And aft did Ossian sing the praise
  Of highland maid and warrior stern,
Of fighting clans—in bygone days
  Marked by rude cross and celtic cairn;
Rare highland maids! brave highland men!
  Time only addeth to your glory!
Auld Scotia's rugged mount and glen
  To-day is making Britain's story.

The lowland haughs and border dales,
  Clothed in rich grass and waving corn,
Land where Scott wove enchanting tales
  Of lady fair, of hawk and horn,
Of Douglas, and of Cranstone bold,
  Of Philiphaugh, and Otterburne,—
Rare visions did his eyes behold
  In ruined tower and sacred urn.

Auld Scotia's dear! much favored land!
  Your exiled son, with pride aye turns—
The home of him, alone, who'll stand
  Our Chief of Bards, Immortal Burns!
He sang not of the might of kings;
  The pomp of courts he held in scorn;
And yet his song with royalty rings
  The grandeur of the lowly born.

Farewell, dear land! though now we roam
  Far from your lochs and hawthorn dens,
Far from those scenes of childhood's home,
  Your heath-clad hills and rugged glens,
Unsullied will remain your name;
  Thy honor aye we will uphold;
Thy standard, aye rising, be the aim
  Of us—as in the days of old.

IN MEMORY OF A NATION'S BARD.

(JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.)

FREEDOM'S sweet bard! And has that spirit fled
That moved the feelings of the just and true;
Whose inspired songs for the poor negro plead,
Or thrilled the lads that wore the garb of blue?
But thy rare songs, forever shall they live,
To cheer the home of many a simple man;
Thy task well done. For thee we should not grieve;
Your years were blest beyond the 'lotted span.

At last you've found the islands of thy quest;
Thy lyric barque has reached the golden shore;
No more by life's rough highway need you rest;
Thy labor done, with Nature evermore.
Thy every musing breathed of wood and dell;
Your songs are flowers that strew our life's pathway;
Sweetest of singers! may thy mem'ry dwell
Forever green, a household name for aye.

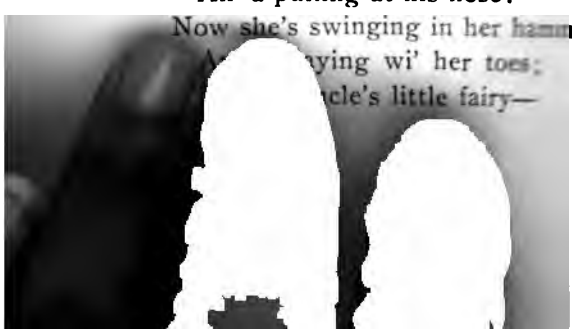
PAPA'S DIMPLES.

MY OLDEST LASSIE WHEN A BABY.

SHE'S the sunshine o' oor dwelling,
A mischievous little queen,
Brimming fu' o' love an' laughter
That fair sparkles in her e'en;
Is there anything that's cuter
Than a baby in a hame,
Like oor ain wee rosy darling—
Papa's little dimpled dame?

Just look then at her dimples
That lie in her fat wee cheeks,
An' her mou' just like a rosebud,
An' two teeth that thro' it peeks.
No, there's naething that's so charming
For a cosy little hame
Than is mamma's precious darling—
Papa's blue-eyed dimpled dame.

Now she's fooling wi' her uncle.
An' a-pulling at his nose:
Now she's swinging in her ham[illegible]
A[illegible]ying wi' her toes;
[illegible]cle's little fairy—



A bright, mischievous dame,
Is her mamma's blue-eyed darling—
Papa's dimples just the same.

Yes, money will buy diamonds,
And those costly gems so rare;
But for a balm that's healing,
And a grand relief for care,
Is a little dimpled darling,
A priceless gem o' hame,
Like oor mamma's precious darling—
Papa's bonnie blue-eyed dame.

May God's blessing aye gang wi' her,
Where'er her wee feet go;
May the cloud that's dark an' stormy
Aye a silver lining show;
What sphere of life she's destined for,
May she aye remain the same—
Her mamma's blue-eyed darling,
Papa's own wee dimpled dame.

IN LOVING MEMORY O' MY MITHER-AUNT.

(Ann Gordon.)

I thocht that I again wad clasp
  The dear auld kindly hand,
And hear a welcome frae her lips,
  A welcome leal and grand.
But I ha'e lingered, lingered lang,
  Self-exiled o'er the main,
And death has garnered, and I'll ne'er
  See her on earth again.

I gaze in sadness thro' the mist,
  Wi' bairnhood's e'en I see
My noble-hearted mither-aunt
  And hear her say to me:
"Ah, laddie, laddie, dinna greet,
  Oor hoose it might be sma',
But there's aye room for your wee heid,
  Sae dinna bide awa'."

She'd hap me up wi' mither hands
  As if I was her ain;
I ken she prayed frae her pure heart,
  Prayed o'er and o'er again,
To God to guide my wayward steps

And keep me frae black shame,
And hoped to see me grip the rungs
That raises man to fame.

"Keep up your heart," she'd ever say.
"The brave heart makes the man;
Keep aye this motto in your mind
And dae the best ye can."
I'll ne'er forget the cheery words
That ever eased my load,
And turned me back when fain I'd stray
The glitt'ring downward road.

I fain would ask, I crave nae mair,
God grant it unto me,
To drop a tear abune her grave
For lang syne's memory;
And pu' a daisy fresh and pure,
A sacred bit o' bloom.
To cherish for the hope I ha'e
Beyond the earthly tomb.

A PIPER'S CANARY.

VERSES WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE GRIEF OF MR. RATTRAY, A DETROIT PIPER, OVER THE DEATH OF HIS CANARY.

PUIR bird, nae mair yer wee bit sang
  Will cheer oor hame,
For Death, dour chield! has stept alang
  An' smoored life's flame;
An' noo, in bitter grief, I hang
  Oot owre yer frame.

Yer wee bit breist, an' tufted croon
  O' orange hue,
An' warblin' notes, raised ye abune
  The chirpin' crew
Whaes sangs, folk claim, awake the toon
  To life anew.

Lang, lang I'll miss yer bonnie sang
  In early morn,
When daylicht wiles the toiling thrang
  To tend their corn;
Yer cage will empty, silent hang,
  While I maun mourn.

Sae on yer grave I'll drap a tear,
My puir wee bird;
Yer task in life was hearts to cheer,
An' by my word,
Wha e'er yer wee bit sang did hear
Was grandly stirred.

WEE MIRIAM.

My Second Daughter, When a Baby.

MY wee love's een wi' mischief shine;
Her guileless smile bewitches me.
  Her dimpled hand I hold in mine—
'A dimpled hand, sae soft an' wee—
    Wee love o' mine, my Miriam!

  The fairies surely kissed her mou';
  Like ripened cherries is their hue;
  To test their sweets I'll pree them noo—
    Sweetheart o' mine, my Miriam!

She smiles again, a winning smile,
  That shows a dimple in her chin;
I'll press her to my heart awhile
  To pree those sweet lips free o' sin—
    The cherry lips o' Miriam!

  I ask if she'll be ever true,
  But ne'er a word comes frae her mou',
  Except a rippling "goo-a-goo"—
    Sae quaint is my sweet Miriam!

The mither watches, wi' a smile,
  Her daughter fair bewitching me;
She maybe minds when she did wile
  The laddies wi' her ain dark e'e,
    Like her wee daughter Miriam!

  My ain sweet love wi' een o' blue,
  An' dimpled chin, an' cherry mou',
  At thy wee feet wi' love I boo,
    My bairn, my bonnie Miriam!

And as I hold that hand in mine—
  A dimpled hand sae soft an' wee—
A speaking glance, a smile divine,
  Reveals the mither's heart to me.
    She prays, God guard wee Miriam!

  Yes, guard her, Lord, we ever pray,
  An' keep her pure as she's to day,
For like a flow'r o' Virgin May
    Is oor wee bairn, oor Miriam!

THE MILLER O' SWEETHOPE LEA.

A story I'll tell, if you wait awhile,
O' the miller o' Sweethope Lea,
Who was known for many a broad long mile,
An' a well-loved man was he;
For he made fine flour for the Laird o' Beal,
An' he ground fine oats for the peasant's meal,
An' steady was the dip o' the water wheel,
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea.

Tho' friends were many, an' busy his mill,
An' unhappy man was he;
His hair grew white as the mist on the hill,
An' trouble gleamed in his e'e.
Oh, what is wrang wi' the miller ,puir chiel?
His wife looks happy, his bairns are weel,
An' steady is the dip o' the water wheel,
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea.

"Oh, what is the matter?" quo' neighbor Lynn,
"What's wrang, guid freen, wi' thee?
You look careworn, your cheeks are thin,
An' trouble lies in your e'e;
You grind fine flour, you make good meal,

Your bairns are fat, your wife looks weel,
An' steady the dip o' the water wheel,
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

"My freens are many, my foes are few,
An' it's happy I should be;
My bairns are guid, my wife she's true,
Tho' a something troubles me;
The grain comes rolling to my mill,
The water comes tumbling over the hill,
An' never a stane lies ever still,
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

"My man he is eident, an' I have found
Him a trusty help for me;
He's been wi' me, when March comes round,
Twenty good lang years an' three;
But the truth, guid Lynn, I canna conceal—
My debts grow many, an' I just feel
Like staying the dip o' the water wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea.

"My food is plain; I have drank no wine
For many an' many a day,
Tho' my mill runs plenty, yet, neighbor mine,
My mouter a' runs away;
Nae wonder I look in your e'en unweel,
For I seem mysel' in a constant reel,

For ruin grins grimly o'er ev'ry wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

"I sorrow wi' thee, guid Miller Swan;
Nae wonder you're turning gray;
You say you are blessed wi' an honest man,
Yet your mouter runs away;
I'm sure there must be a leak in the kiln,
Or a hole somewhere i' the floor o' the mill,
Where the rats steal in, when the wheels are still,
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

"My advice to you," quo' neighbor Lynn,
"If you'll take advice frae me,
Is to watch by the light o' the midnight mune
Frae ahint the auld saugh tree;
Go an' watch when King Sleep rules hill an' fiel',
When the witches dance wi' their sire the Deil;
When the water jooks past the resting wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

By the midnight mune watched Miller Swan,
An' a strange sicht did he see;
He saw Reuben Drum, his trusty guid man,
Drive roon' by the auld saugh tree;
He saw him unlock the door o' the mill
An' carry to his cart frae oot o' the kiln
Seven sacks o' flour, when the wheels were still
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea.

"Losh!" quo' the miller, as he rubbed his een,
"This is a strange sicht to see;
For twenty lang years fair blind I've been—
Ay, twenty lang years an' three;
Wha'd ever hae thocht that lang-faced chiel,
Wi' his smooth slid tongue, wad ever steal?
He deserves to be tied to the water wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

Long were the pray'rs o' the miller's man,
But he sailed for Bot'ney Bay,
An' a happy man is the Miller Swan
As he rolls the mouter away;
An' he makes guid flour an' grinds fine meal
For the baron's ha' an' the peasant's shiel,
An' steady is the dip o' the water wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea.

He chuckles as he rubs his double chin,
For a jolly man is he,
As he tells what he saw, thro' neighbor Lynn,
To his grandson on his knee;
"Look out for cracks, or the rats may steal
The fine white flour, or the round full meal;
Remember the mouter, when still stood the wheel
O' the mill o' Sweethope Lea."

WHERE THE PEESWEIPS FLY.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, EDMUND R. DOWDNEY.

WHEN we were bairns,
  Tom, Jack, and I,
And played as such
  Where the peesweips fly,
Three bonnie maidens
  Joined in our play—
Primrose and Hazel
  And bonnie wee May.

Three stems o' fern
  In her hand held May,
To draw for loves
  In oor bairnhood's day;
Tom drew for the maid
  O' the dark-blue e'e
And ringlets o' brown—
  Bonnie Primrose Lee.

Merry Jack came next,
  And happy was he,
For he drew the maid
  O' the slae black e'e—

Black as corbie's wing
  Her waving hair—
A fun-loving maid
  Was Hazel Adair.

The sweetest o' a'
  Was left to me—
The choice o' my heart,
  The light o' my e'e;
Her hair was golden,
  Her e'en were gray,
And a dimpled chin
  Had the miller's May.

And oor merry laughs
  Rippled over the brae,
When we drew for loves
  In bairnhood's day;
An' we lingered long
  'Till the bells o' blue
Hid their hearts o' gold
  Frae the evening dew.

We drifted away,
  Tom, Jack and I,
Frae oor border dales
  Where the peesweips fly,—
Tom as a soldier,
  Jack to the sea,

And I—well, I'm not
  What I ought to be.

And the maids we loved
  In bairnhood's day—
Primrose and Hazel
  And bonnie wee May—
Primrose is married
  To Dominick Blye,
Who teaches the young
  Where the peesweips fly.

And Hazel Adair—
  Her name I see
As a possible bride
  For the Laird o'Dee;
And that love o' mine
  In bairnhood's day,
Wi' the golden hair,
  And the e'en o' gray.

This letter I hold
  In my hand to-day,
Tells my brother's bride
  Is the miller's May;
I've read it o'er
  'Till I scarce can see,
And I wish them joy
  As they wish it me.

Will Tom and Jack,
  As well as I,
In their dreams roam back
  Where the peesweips fly,
To the lingering clasp
  And the trembling sigh
Of our bairnday loves
  As we kissed good-bye?

MOTHER'S SONG.

SING on, rare singer, sae bonnilie,
  Sing on, for I love that song;
'Tis a link o' the past, a loved memorie,
  The song my dear mother sang;
I have tasted o' death, both on land an' sea;
  I've joined both in fight an' song;
But no shot or note has ever thrilled me
  Like the song dear mother sang.

I see the auld schule, near the turn o' the brae,
  The mill, an' the "Dookin' hole,"
An' the village green, where the bairnies play
  At "peerie" or "jing-ga-ring,"
Where I marched soldier-like, a broom for a gun,
  Or mimicked the sailor's roll;
Ah, little thought I, in my bairnday fun
  O' the war-god's bitter sting!

Oor quaint wee auld hoose, wi' its but an' its ben,
  The wa' where the fiddle hung,
An' the ingle neuk—ah, little ye ken
  What's awakened wi' that song!

The cosy peat fire, where we gathered 'roon',
  The crook where the kettle swung
On the winter nights, when, a wee bit loon,
  I listened to mother's song.

Ah, rarest o' charms o' oor bairnhood's day,
  Tho' crooned in a simple tongue,
'Twill live in oor hearts, refreshing for aye—
  Sic power has a wee bit song.
Then sing, bonnie singer, wi' voice sae clear,
  At your feet rich gifts are flung;
But the rarest of all is a soldier's tear
  In tribute for mother's song.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

I. Spring.

THE bracken curled thro' stones o' gray,
  The rosebuds burst their cells o' green,
When first upon the village brae
  I lingered, held by Mora's e'en!
    Ah! youth's rich blood leaped high in me,
    And none saw fairer maid than she—
    But such rare charms were not for me,

I breathed my love; man could but dare
  When such red lips were man's to pree,
And west winds kindly blew her hair
  In golden wavelets over me;
    "Sweet love, be mine! I love but thee!
    Dear heart, but thee—just only thee!"
    But she looked seawards o'er the brae
    Where masts to ocean's music sway.

II. Summer.

Leaf-laden branches kiss the stream
  And shield the kine from summer's heat;
The bogs with myrtle blossoms gleam—
  A silv'ry path for fairy feet;

But still she shades her e'en o' gray
To watch the ships sail up the bay,
While fades away the summer's day.

Blood-red the summer sunset glowed
Where sky and ocean seemed to meet;
The radiant streams that earthward flowed
Jewelled the waves that kissed our feet;
I whispered, "Love, sweet love, be mine!"
While yet with roses red the vine
Her red lips moved—'twas but a sigh
That drifted with a sea-mew's cry.

III. Autumn.

The wild dun stream, whose goal's the sea,—
A runner for unwearied Time
Carried the robes o' wood and lea,
The red and gold o' Autumn's prime.
Still she looked seawards as of yore,
Where frenzied waves like mad bulls gore
The stubborn rocks that guard the shore.

"Linger no more," I sadly said,
"For drear November days are near;
The murky clouds float overhead,
And strewn the beach with visions sere."
A moan, a tear, that glist'ning fell,
And drifted outward with the swell,

Told me a tale her lips delay—
Her love was far beyond the bay.

IV. Winter.

The hedgeway running to the pier
Droops with its borrowed robes o' white;
The sun that glides thro' azure mere,
Tints hoary crest with ruby light;
The rime that rises from the sea,
In frozen figures wreathes the quay,
Like white-draped nymphs o' minstrelsy.

Ah! wintry days! I stand alone,
Watching and waiting on the brae;
She that I loved has heav'nward gone—
She that forever said me "nay;"
We loved, yet lived a life o' pain
With loving what we loved in vain!

* * * * * * * * * * *

CASTLE ONY.

I LONG to roam—to roam again—
  By Teviot's crystal waters,
Where shepherds sing in blithesome strain
  Of Scotia's border daughters;
I'd love to muse an' dream awhile
  Where fragrant broom blooms bonnie,
Or, ling'ring, gaze frae yon auld stile,
  We climb to Castle Ony.

Athro' the glens I long to gang
  In gowden harvest weather,
Or o'er the hills, when dew-gems hang
  In clusters frae the heather;
By shady lanes, amang the whins
  Where wee birds trill sae bonnie,
Or stand a-dreaming near the linns
  That glints wi' Castle Ony.

Adoon the haughs, where saugh-trees bow,
  By crumblin' scaur or corrie,
Where burnies gleam, an' ruins glow
  Wi' rare romantic story;
Where Cheviot mountains proudly loom
  O'er Teviot's dales sae bonnie,
I'd fain inhale—drink the perfume—
  That floats frae Castle Ony.

Ah! this I ken, my Borderland,
  While saugh trees kiss your waters,
An' Venus waves her subtle wand
  Oot o'er your sons an' daughters;
While Tweed an' Teviot seawards go
  O'er beds baith smooth an' stony,
Romantic sangs an' tales will flow
  Frae dear auld Castle Ony.

THE PEN O' BACON.

YE writers o' the present days,
  Poets and ithers,
Authors o' novels, or of plays,
  And rhyming blethers,
A ghostly chiel, wi' phantom pen
  O' by-gone ages,
Wi' ancient flourish signs his name
  Upon your pages.

An' clever chiels—in their ain mind—
  Our modern sages,
Can read the ghostly name that's signed
  Upon your pages.
The bones o' Shakespeare, I've heard said,
  Wi' fear lie quakin';
His poems and plays—tremble ye dead!—
  Were writ by Bacon.

Those chiels hae proof that Francis B.
  Was Lord Macaulay,
And wrote the works o' Pope and Lee,
  Campbell and Shelley;

Ev'n Burns, auld Scotia's poet chiel,
  May get a shakin';
They'll prove those lines unto the De'il
  Were writ by Bacon.

He wrote Lord Byron's Don Juan;
  He wrote Poe's Raven;
In Darwin's History o' Man
  His name's engraven;
The London Times, the New York Sun,
  Their truth's been shaken;
Ev'n Puck, and Punch, wi' a' their fun,
  Are fried in Bacon.

His Anagram they'll find within
  The verse I've scribbled;
And raise a reg'lar Derry din,
  And swear I've nibbled
Frae oot the buiks o' ither men,
  And prove puir me
Has used the ancient goose-quill pen
  O' Sir Francis B.

ROBERT HOPKIN,

MICHIGAN'S VETERAN ARTIST—A NATIVE OF SCOTLAND.

UPON the canvas scenes arise,
  With touch of Genius' brush,
Forest and fields in summer's guise,
  And streams that seawards gush;
A lowly glen, where mountains grand
  Rise, king-like, to the skies,
  Bring to the watcher's gladdened eyes
A glimpse of motherland.

And now upon the canvas gray,
  There comes a stretch of angry sea—
Wild leaping waves, white scatt'ring spray—
  An' inspired thought, a memory;
Again, from the creative brush,
  Black, bursting clouds, the lightning's flash;
  We seem to hear the thunder's crash,
So gifted is his touch.

A ship, tossed by the Storm King's breath,
  With wind-rent sails and wave-swept deck,
    Trembles upon the sea;

We seem to feel the rime of death
That rises from the painted wreck,
And as the inspired scene we scan,
We're drawn, souls nearer, to the man
Of such true poetry.

And yon wee flower's modest head
Scarce rising 'bove its grassy bed,
Or the wee, tumbling, tinkling rill
That's runway's over some bleak hill,
Lowly and perhaps unknown,
Far from the haunts of fair renown,
Yet beauteous in the Maker's plan,
Are not more modest than this man.

A SHEPHERD'S LILT.

I MET a fair maid doon the lane—
  Red was the rose on her heaving bosom—
Doon in the west auld Sol had gane,
  An' fresh'ning dew fell on the blossom.

Chorus:
Red was the rose; dark were her e'en;
  And I was young and only human;
My heart it gaed lowp at sicht o' fair Jean,
  For my faither before me was fond o' the women.

Frae her full lips flowed a sweet sang;
  Ruby lips that made my ain lips quiver.
I bowed and said, "Sweet maid, I'll gang
  And see thee safely o'er the river.

Chorus: Red was the rose.

She curtsied low, and sweetly said:
  "Oh, thank you, kind sir, there is nae danger!
My mither's warned me ne'er to wade
  Across the stream wi' ony stranger."

Chorus: Red was the rose.

"Sweetest, o' maids," I quick replied,
I hae fourscore yowes amang yon clover;
And now I seek a winsome bride,
Sae wi' your leave I'll be your lover."

Chorus: Red was the rose.

"Kind sir," she said, "you flatter me,
But I hae anither shepherd laddie;
He's gane the nicht, wi' love bricht e'e,
To ask my hand frae my auld daddie."

Chorus: Red was the rose.

"Ah, bonnie maid," I whispered low,
"Those red full lips I would fain be kissing."
She turned her head, and said, "Oh, no,
Go seek your yowes ere they go missing!"

Chorus: Red was the rose.

And frae my side the fair maid ran,
As swift as a young deer, thro' the heather,
While echoes murmured, "Simple man,
Why ask for sweets that you can gather."

Chorus: Red was the rose.

THREE.

"THEY GANG IN STIRKS AN' COME OOT ASSES."—BURNS.

IN one of Scotland's ancient toons
  That blossoms rich wi' knowledge,
There lodged three would-be learned loons
  Whose dads had sent to college;
They studied law in college days,
  At night they studied pleasure,
So thus, in treading Learning's ways,
  They'd little time for leisure.

So, when Dame Nature clothed was
  In rich brown, green, an' yellow,
An' country lanes hung red wi' haws,
  An' fruit was ripe an' mellow,
Full o' conceit, these students three,
  An' wearied wi' much learning,
Wi' one consent they did agree
  The country to go roaming.

They made the simple rustics gaze
  Wi' their amount o' knowledge.
Inclines they ca'd the bonnie braes,
  An' heather was hill foliage;
A spade they gave some learned name
  The rustics ne'er heard tell o';
A lass they ca'd a rural dame,
  A chield to them was "fellow."

While coming o'er a heath-clad hill,
  As night was o'er them stealing,
Nestlin' beside a mountain rill
  They 'spied a shepherd shieling.
An' there upon the door-stane sat,
  Wi' flowing beard an' hoary,
The herd himsel; an' near him squat
  His twae dowgs, Clyde an' Rory.

"Ah, here's a subject for our wit,"
  The three exclaimed thegether;
"Our bumps of humor let us whet
  Upon this shepherd father;
"My faith," says ane, "we've found, I see.
  Our ancient friend; Methus'lah
Art thou, old man, or art thou he
  Who fled from out Gamorrah?"

He shook his head, an' syne he spake:
  "I'm dootin', sirs, you're wrang;
But gi'es your hands; I'd like tae shake
  Wi' anes I've looked for lang;
I'm Saul, the Patriarch Kish's son,
  Whose asses strayed alea;
Step in! you're welcome! do not run!
  For surely I've found three!"

WEE JESSIE BLUE-EYES.

My Youngest Toddler.

WHAES wee feet are pattering
  Doon oor in-bye stairs?
Whae can be the early riser
  Amang oor winsome fairs?
    A wee face, fu' o' sunshine,
      Greets oor laughing glad surprise;
    It is oor youngest darling—
      Sweet wee Jessie Blue-Eyes!

What made ye stir sae early?
  Auld Frostie's no' yet gane;
I see his busy fingers yet
  Upon the window pane;
    Ye needna stand there laughin',
      Nor yet look sae wondrous wise
    In your woolen cosy goonie,
      Sweet wee Jessie Blue-Eyes!

Listen to the kettle singing—
  What can be its morning sang?
"Come an' get your breakfast, daddie,
  To wark you soon maun gang;

Go an' earn some mair siller,
For the hoose it needs supplies,
An' some wee cosy dresses
For sweet Jessie Blue-Eyes.

Come, sit doon beside your daddie,
An' drink this cup o' milk,
It's the stuff to make cheeks rosy,
And the skin as smooth as silk;
We want oor bonnie bairnie
To grow big as well as wise;
Yes, just you, my blink o' sunshine,
Sweet wee Jessie Blue-Eyes.

Give me a good-bye kiss, dear,
The wark bell soon will ring,
An' I maun pairt the wee bit arms
That roon' my rough neck cling;
Ta-ta, my bonnie darling,
Soon your mates will rise;
To play at school wi' sister dear,
Sweet wee Jessie Blue-Eyes.

MITHER'S PLAID O' GRAY.

IN faither's straw thack't shepherd cot,
  Abune the lanely moor,
  Where whaupnebs shriek, an' peesweips wheep,
  Near hills that skywards too'er,
I crept a wee bit callantie,
  When eerie gloomed the brae,
Within the cosy fleecy faulds
  O' mither's plaid o' gray.

An' when auld Cheviot's rugged peaks
  Were roonded owre wi' snaw,
An' surly winds frae oot the north
  Gae Border folk a ca',
An' sheep ran bleating to the bields
  Frae Frostie on the brae,
I cuddled cosy in the faulds
  O' mither's plaid o' gray.

An' when at schule I got the taws
  For no' behavin' weel,
An' maister labeled me a sumph
  Or dour contrary deil,
My wee heart burstin' like to break,
  I didna stay to play,
But ran for comfort to the faulds
  O' mither's plaid o' gray.

An' when I strutted frae my hame,
O' mither's strings ashamed,
A youth in years—a man in thocht—
A heid wi' pride inflamed,
An' met the victor o' conceit,
A chield o' every day,
I humbly turned to hide my shame
In mither's plaid o' gray.

I see her noo, tho' years hae fled,
An' I hae wandered far;
But time nor distance never can
The hameland picture mar;
I see the cheerie, kindly face,
An' hear her saftly say,
"Come, cuddle, my wee callantie,
In mither's plaid o' gray."

Ah, sweet, sweet words!—words frae the heart
That fain I'd hear again!
But snaw-draps peep, an' gowans bloom
Where kindly freens hae lain
The voiceless clay—whose soul hath fled
Beyond the weary brae,
Where lang she watched for him who lo'ed
Her cosy plaid o' gray.

HAME AGAIN.

INSCRIBED TO FLORENCE D. EATHERLY, OF DETROIT, WHEN LEAVING FOR SCOTLAND, 1894.

Farewell, dear land of my adoption,
  Land of freedom, fare-ye-well;
Though I still love your protection,
  I must cross the ocean's swell
To view ance mair my auld freens' faces;
  To grasp again their kindly hand;
To roam again the auld kent places
  O' my ain dear mitherland.

Ah, how impatient I'm becoming
  As I pace the proud ship's deck;
Ah, 'tis hame that I am going;
  Now I see land's distant speck;
Past the green dales of old Erin,
  Like a swan our ship doth glide,
'Tis my hame—my hame I'm nearin';
  As our keel now cleaves the Clyde.

I can see the mountains looming
  Grandly through the fading mist,
Crowned with waving heather, blooming
  Purple, dew-wet to be kissed;
By the Royal Orb of morning,

Rising from a sea of gold,
Scattering gray clouds, and adorning
Forest stream and grassy wold.

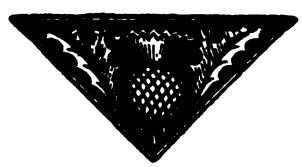
My heart with feelings grand o'erfloweth;
Proud I am of Scotia's shore;
Ah! the stranger little knoweth
How the wand'ring Scots adore
Their auld land, that distance never
Lessens in their loyal hearts,
For a Scot's a Scot forever
Tho' he's aye a lad o' parts.

But I'm getting nearer, nearer,
To the village o' my youth,
An' the hame that's now still dearer,
Near the burnie's silver mouth;
What a longing expectation,
As the village looms in sight,
What can make this hesitation
As I from the train alight?

Doon the road, where hawthorns olden
Hang wi' tempting blood-red haws,
Past wide fields all waving golden,
And green rows of fragrant shaws,
I can hear the waters falling
O'er the rocky bedded linn,

And the linties softly calling
To their mates among the whin.

Now I pass the whinstane schoolhoose,
Past the kirk, an' village well;
At last I see—I see the auld hoose
Where I ken leal hearts do dwell;
Can I tell my joyous meeting,
Not for glad tears that will flow;
Ah, 'tis grand, a wanderer's greeting
Where the bramble berries grow.



HEATHER MUSINGS.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME SPRIGS O' HEATHER FROM MY COUSIN TOM GORDON.

Wee sprigs o' mountain heather,
  What message bring ye me?
I know kind freens did gather
  To send you owre the sea;
Their thoughts wi' love did wander,
  Where mighty pine trees sway,
To one who oft meandered
  'Mang heather on the brae.

This message it is written
  Upon your petals rare:
Kind hearts are ever waitin'—
  Kind hearts that miss ye sair;
They've sent ye as a token
  Across Atlantic's sea,
O' freenships that's forever
  O'love that ne'er will dee.

Again I climb the mountain,
  When simmer skies are blue,
Where heather bells are glintin'
  Wi' gems o' morning dew;

I hear the linties singing,
  Oot owre the broomy knowes,
While larks up high are soaring
  Frae oot the grassy howes.

I see a straw thatch't shieling
  Wi' garden 'fore the door,
An' folk wi' hearts aye kindly
  Flit thro 'it as of yore;
Wee sprigs o' hillside heather,
  Wee ruby-tinted flower,
You've bound me wi' a tether—
  A lasting unseen power.

I'll keep thee as a token
  Frae loved ones owre the sea,
Whose message, tho' unspoken,
  Engraved is on thee;
I'll prize thee as a treasure
  Frae Scotia's bonnie braes,—
Wee sprigs frae freenship's measure,
  I'll keep thee a' my days.

TO A WILD ROSE.

PULLED FROM A BANK THAT OVERHUNG THE SLITRIG WATER IN SEPTEMBER, 1894, BY A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

WEE Border rose, whose sweet perfume
Hath mingled wi' the heath an' broom
  O'er Slitrig's bonnie braes,
A kindly greeting I give thee
For love o' them across the sea—
  My freens o' bygone days.

O' bygone days, I thoughtless say:
Na, na, they're freens that last for aye,
  Tho' oceans roll between;
An' as I hold ye in my hand,
I see thro' mist oor Border land—
  O' Hameland parts the Queen.

Auld Hawick, guarded by the hills,
Her auld gray towers, her busy mills,
  Romantic Border town;
Her sons as brave as those who fell
For Scotland's cause in Flodden's dell,
  Round him who wore her crown.

Her maids like to her maids of yore,
Who girt the war-sword on their wooer
  For Scotland's weal or fame;
Or for God's open Bible stood,
An' showed a noble womanhood,
  Martyrs to flood and flame.

May be, wild rose, your petals blew
Near where a famous thorn grew
  Whose branches held a steed,
Whose master, Scotland's bravest knight,
Her warrior hero, Wallace wight,
  Who fell by Judas greed.

Or else the blood o' bold Buccleuch
Enriched the soil whereon ye grew,
  Or far-famed Hogg or Scott
Immortalized some lady's bower,
Your native bank or nearby tower,
  In gifted song or plot.

I'm sure some callant oft did woo,
Beside the bush whereon ye grew,
  Some bonnie Border maid;
An' some wee bird, whose lichtsome lay
Awakes the echoes o'er the brae,
  At gloaming sought its shade.

Still gurgles on the Slitrig's stream,
An' wee birds sing, an' lovers dream
  Where once your petals blew;
An' on the bush your bonnie bloom
Burst forth in fragrant, rare perfume,
  Or drank the fresh'ning dew.

Another rose will burst anew
As rich o' perfume, rare o' hue,
  An' maybe some kind hand
Will pu'd to send it o'er the sea
To one who loves—as well as me—
  Oor ain brave Border land.

A BORDERER BOLD.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A WALKING STICK MADE FROM A SAPLING FROM THE OLD HANGING TREE NEAR HAWICK AND SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A COUSIN, MR. JAMES PENNYCOOK, IN 1899.

I.

SOUTHWARD rode King James,
  And bloody was his way,
For a maiden royal had craved a boon—
  A boon from his Kingly sway;
And never had gifted James,
  The fifth of the Stuart race,
Refused a favor to lips o' red
  That curved on a comely face.

II.

And England's Princess fair,
  Of Edward's royal line,
Had pledged her hand to Scotland's King
  At Scone's romantic shrine;
Whenever he stilled the hand
  That reddened the Saxon heath,
Whenever the sword of the Borderer bold
  Clung dry to its rusting sheath.

III.

The King to his courtly scribe
  Dictated this command,
And death to the Borderer, high or low,
  Who scorneth the King's command.
"No more shall you raid the land—
  The land of your English foe;
No more must you strike in Scotland's cause
  A foeman's deadly blow."

IV.

By Tweed's gray stately towers,
  By Leader's banks o' broom,
Up Ettrick's rocky winding paths
  Waved Scotland's Kingly plume;
Ten thousand belted men,
  With spear and bared sword,
From highland hill, and lowland glen,
  Follow their warrior lord.

V.

Follow their beardless King
  To humble the Borderer free,
Who signs not his name to the scroll,
  Or bends not the servile knee;
Few are the names that line

The cream of the royal page,
But many a home lost sire and son
From the heat of a young King's rage.

VI.

The Teviot banks were green;
Steep Cheviot mountains brown;
Brown with the bracken's turning leaf,
When they camped near Hawick town;
At dawn one sought the King,
With forty horsemen bold,
All sons of Scotland's Borderland,
And true as their sires of old.

VII.

'Twas fearless Armstrong,
The King of the Borderland,
And never a suppliant craved in vain
A boon from his strong right hand;
And England's King himself
Hath promised a rich reward,
To know full sure that this dauntless Scot
Lies deep 'neath his native sward.

VIII.

Frowned Scotland's poet King
As the bold chief drew near,
Scorning the bristling ready guard

Of winged shaft and spear;
"Come, ye bold men, to sign,
Or from yon trees to swing;
Down! down, bold serfs upon your knees!
Know not I am your King?"

IX.

"It never will be said
Or told in minstrel song,
That ever to man the knee was bent
Of bold John Armstrong:
We come not for to sign
The scroll that will curb the hand
That's feared as the lightning's siccar stroke
O'er all King Harry's land."

X.

"I'm here, most noble King,
With forty Borderers true;
Our swords are keen and ready aye
For Scotland and for you;
But from dun Flodden's side,
And from the Till's red vale,
We hear as 'twas but yesterday
Our kinsmen's dying wail.

XI.

"Command us, Royal James.
Command us for to bring

The English leader to your camp,
  Or even your rival King;
And ere another sun
  Arise o'er Hawick town,
The boast of the people south the Tweed
  Will kneel to brave Scotland's crown."

XII.

Dark loomed the young King's brow;
  Flashed fire his haughty eye;
"What means this knave who bears himself
  As much a King as I?
Ho, serfs! bind every one
  Unless they kneel and sign!
From yonder trees they'll hang to-night,
  A long and goodly line!"

XIII.

" 'Tis folly," quo' Armstrong,
  For us to seek for grace
From one' tho' honored as Scotland's King,
  Has nought but a graceless face;
Our fathers fought and fell
  At Flodden with his sire,
And now the son of the warrior King
  Becomes King Harry's squire.

XIV.

"But never will we sign
  Our names to stay our hand,
And let the English prowlers gut
  The homes of our Borderland;
You can do your worst, young King,
  But ere your head grows old,
You'll wish for the sword of an Armstrong
  And his forty Borderers bold."

XV.

They hanged them side by side
  From forty growing trees;
They hanged the brave of Teviot-side,
  A beardless King to please;
For never could gifted James,
  The fifth of the Stuart race,
Refuse a favor to lips o' red
  That curved on a comely face.

A VISION.

AFTER READING AN ARTICLE ON SOLOMON'S MISCONDUCT.

SOME new-born theories I had read
From modern sage, 'bout ancient dead
(Perplexing theme!)
With such grim thoughts I sought my bed
And thus did dream:

There seemed to float from out the gloom
A noble form, long past the bloom
Of youth's young day,
That filled with light my humble room,
And thus did say:

"Why search ye, mortals? Why your quest?
Can ye not let our ashes rest
'Neath Eastern sand?
I come invited—yes, your guest—
Yet here I stand."

Wi' trembling hand I got the chair,
For be it kent, I hae nae mair,
And urged my guest
To crook his knee an' share my fare—
A sma' request.

His ell long beard, a silvery white,
Like moonlit lake in Autumn night;
    Kingly his brow;
His deep-set een showed learning's light
    And Genius' glow.

A diamond circle lustre threw
O'er silken robe of azure blue
    That's graceful fold
Fell to his feet, half-hid in shoe
    Of burnished gold.

His voice—as musical as when
The stream in torrents floods the glen,
    So strong and grand,
As one who ruled the sons of men
    And empires planned.

"I'm Solomon, once called the Wise,
Whose bones now dust 'neath Eastern skies,—
    As scribes doth tell,—
Whose truths your sages now despise,
    And misdeeds swell."

"What if the sayings that I writ
Were gleanings from some courtier's wit?
    Their truth's the same.
Base man! who would with honor sit
    Thro' other's shame?"

"Some barren spot doth oft contain,
Deep 'neath its crust, a golden vein,
And from the slums,
With chastened lips, as one to reign,
Rare Virtue comes."

"Why hunt for knowledge in the tomb?
To-day is yours to pluck the bloom:
The past's a snare;
The fate of souls whose faults now loom
In time you'll share."

"Some search for truths before the flood,
An' claim that all of human blood
From apekind came;
Base, unbelieving, mocking brood!
From whence your claim?"

"The Greatest Master Hand did plan
A perfect form, and called it man—
A noble name!
And at the sixth day's virgin dawn
He made the same."

"From Nature's mold of heav'nly grace,
Like to Himself in form and face;
Then from man's side
He made the mother of our race—
Man's joy and pride."

"Oh, poor deluded modern men!
The tangled flight of Darwin pen
    But leads you blind;
The face is but an open ken
    Of soul and mind."

"But turn, frail mortals! seek no more
To shake the history of yore,
    And do not moan
O'er sin that's told in ancient lore—
    Look to your own!"

"Ye cannot turn the ocean's tide,
Nor the sun's glory can ye hide
    From mortal een;
Nor can ye make the bleak hillside
    In Winter green."

"Men's theories oft, like cobwebs gray,
Mere weavings of a life's short day
    When Time's sure hand
Sweeps with his brush all trace away
    Of what was planned."

"But God's great glory never dies!
On earth, in sea, or changing skies,
    A proof to man
Who would their Maker's work despise
    For some crude plan."

"But fare-ye-well! for dawn again
Awakes the life on hill and plain,
    And I must go
And write—do not my words disdain—
    And let men know."

I woke just as the orb of day
Burst glorious, flooding field and brae
    With amber light;
But he, my guest, through cloudway's gray
    Had ta'en his flight.

SPEED-YE-WELL.

AWAY with the tide,
  To sink or float,
A few waif rhymes
  In a paper boat;
Will the wind be smooth
  As it bobs along
O'er engulfing depths
  Of the sea of song?

I do not know:
  Ah, yes! I care;
And this the refrain
  Of the rhymer's pray'r,
That someone may
  Find a line to cheer,
Or a thought that'll bring
  To the eye a tear.

A wee bit sang
  That'll reach the hearts;
Then the pray'r is heard
  "O' a lad o' parts."
As it goes with the tide
  To sink or float—
A few waif rhymes
  In a paper boat!

TALES of OOR MITHERLAND

By JAMES P. BROOMFIELD

A ROADWAY MINSTREL.

A quaint old figure looms up out of the past, a figure bent with age and shrunken with want of proper care, a hameless body with the soul of a mighty musician. An old Balmoral bonnet, yellowish green with age and exposure, covered in a' seasons o' the year his brainy old pow. Long straggling locks that would have been of a silver whiteness if they had not been bleached by many showers, and fire-frizzled by many suns, hung limp and dead-like over his bent shoulders, that were usually covered by an old gray plaid or maud. His thin bare face (for it was ever close shaved) was weel kent at kirn or fair, market or tryst, on both sides of the Border. In our village every one had a bawbee to spare for the auld minstrel, whose gifted hand unloosened such rare melody frae the auld age-blackened fiddle that rested beneath the skinny auld chin. Never was there a bite, a smoke, or a seat by the ingle neuk refused him at any door—ha' or hallan—for the fiddle in the hand of a true musician has the voice of a siren. Sometimes his voice (which must have once been as gifted as hand), inspired by his own playing, would burst forth in song—a song that would stay the hand of the smith as he fashioned a shoe upon the anvil, or stop the softer c-wish-ish of the plane of the carpenter.

Patched and threadbare though his clothes were, "the bodie was as clean's a new preen," auld Nannie would say. At oor hoose he often rested, summer and winter, and auld Nannie's

banno's an' hame-brewed yill loosened his ready tongue, an' so we heard many a tale o' Border raid and o' lovers' trysts, betwixt the gloamin' and the mirk. Such late hours were forbidden me, but auld Nannie would forget me, being herself romantic, and grandfather would never disturb the talk of a guest to tell a callant who lay on the rug with his arm around auld "Collie's" neck drinking in story or gossip to "get to bed."

"Foxie," a Scotch terrier, had been the minstrel's companion ever since I first saw him. A puir little lean beastie it was. It followed, limping behind its master, in the lightsome days, and was carried in the auld gray plaid, like a mitherless lamb, when the days were cauld and stormy.

One winter day, just at the dark'ning, auld Nannie opened the door to the auld minstrel and his terrier, both nearly frozen stiff, for it had been a terrible cold day. Nannie soon thawed them out with good warm gruel—giving the auld minstrel a wee drap first to loosen the ice frae his throat. After the parritch bowies were cleared away, grandfaither and the auld minstrel sat down to a game of draughts. Grandfaither was a keen player and the minstrel always had some new move to show when he called, but this night, after repeated careless plays, he threw his men into the center of the board with the remark: "I'm no masel' the nicht, maister; no' masel'. I ken there's something gaun to happen tae me. I've haen a presentiment owre a week noo, an' I'm sure my wanderings are nearing an end."

"Hoot's man!" said grandfaither; "mony a lilt we'll hear frae ye yet, before the robins chirrup abune yer kirkyaird beild. Licht yer cutty, man, an' smeek away sic dowie thochts."

"Na, na, maister; baccy reek'll no' smither what I ken is comin' sune; an' that's what brought me your gate the nicht as

muckle as onything. I've been a wandering ne'er-dae-weel, but I hae managed to save twa or three punds; eneuch to bury me. It's in Saunders Yule's Bank. I hae left a bit line wi' him to give you the pickle siller if onything should happen to me. He kens fine what it's for; I dinna want to be buried as a pauper. There's something else he's keepin' for me. It's my black claes. Pit them on me. They were my marriage claes; they're braidclaith. The last time I had them on was when they buried my Peggie. And lay my auld fiddle aside me; it's been my companion sae lang that I feel it's a pairt o' masel'. Callant, come here. Ye'll be guid to 'Foxie' should onything happen it's maister? I ken fine you will. He'll no' ruin ye wi' his appetite; an' ye'll find him a grand ratter. I can sleep in ony laft or shed when I ken 'Foxie's' aside me.

"Ay, ay, maister," the minstrel continued, "I've gien a puir accoont o' masel' for a' the talents I've been blessed wi'. Faither an' mither dune their best for me. I learned a guid trade, but had aye a cravin' to be a great musician—ever since the time my Uncle Tam cam hame frae the Indies. He was my mither's brither. He was a grand fiddler, and he noticed I had a guid bow hand; sae he gave me my first lessons, and when he went away again he left me his fiddle. When my apprenticeship was through —I had learned the tailoring—I went to Edinboro'. My room-mate was a singer, and it was not long before he had me persuaded to throw aside the needle and earn a living by my talents, which I was rapidly cultivating. My room-mate was a very popular young man, and I soon got introduced into some of the best society, and I gradually rose to the front rank of the musicians. While at the height of my fame I returned to my native village and married

the love of my youth—an angel of goodness, Peggy Gowan. For over a year our happiness was complete. Not an angry word had passed between us; and we would have ever remained so had I kept from the stage; but that was the ruin of me. I could not stand the tongue of the flatterers, when the flatterer was a bewitching woman; so I neglected my Peggie, and my voice for the company of the gay ——. Well, I cannot tell you how I fell—got hissed off the stage, for I was intoxicated—yes, a common drunkard—and my poor Peggie died of a broken heart. I rallied for a time, then my parents died, and I sank deeper, and gradually drifted where I am to-day. But rax me my fiddle, callant. Noo dinna pit yer fingers on the strings."

I was startled for a minute at the request; for he had wandered as he was telling his story from the broad Scotch to pure English; but I hastily got him his fiddle that hung in an auld faded green bag on a crook near the door, taking care not to touch the sacred strings with my fingers. He had noticed they were sweaty, for I had been huggin' auld "Collie" as I listened open-mouthed to his story. Tune after tune, merry and sad, he wiled frae that auld black fiddle. One by one the villagers tip-toed into the house. Nannie was footing a sock in her cosy chair, but when he struck up "The Wind That Shakes the Barley" away flew the sock, and she had fairly to grip the arms of her chair or her auld feet wad hae gotten the better o' her. Grandfaither said he "never heard him play as he played that night." The tailor shook his head and said, "The buddy's fey." Still he played on, unconscious of everyone around him. The auld arm at last gave out, and when he played his own favorite, "The Land o' the Leal," the bow dropped to the floor, and

the villagers slipped out as they had slipped in. Auld "Collie" was lying curled up on a rug near the hearth. "Foxie" lay near him. Grandfaither was refilling his pipe. The auld fiddler still sat, the fiddle in his hand, the bow on the floor. I went to lift the bow, when grandfaither gave a cough. I looked in his direction, then he pointed to the stairway leading to the loft and my bed. I looked at the auld minstrel, as I turned to the stairway, and I saw tears, big tears, dropping from his eyes. Then my young mind thought grandfaither thinks such a scene is too waesome for a licht-hearted mite o' a callant; but I could hear them talk long after I had gone to bed, for I was beginning to understand and gather what men carry with them for all time.

Next morning the clouds around the hill-head showed that a storm, and a bad one, was brewing, but the auld minstrel, although grandfaither urged him to stay, had to gang beyond the "Shepherd's Yett;" and go he would—storm or no storm. Seeing he could do no better, grandfaither made him take the loan of an extra plaid, and off the auld fiddler set by the high road. But the heart o' the terrier was not in the tramp, for it turned many a longing look back—maybe yearning for the warmth o' the rug that it had shared with auld "Collie" all night. Thick and fast fell the snow. By mid-day every inch of the hard-frozen ground was covered with a white mantle. Before the darkening set in sheep scurried to the bieldy side o' the plantin', even the hardy cheviots sought with head to the ground the fast disappearing stretches o' dry-stane dykes. The rising wind wi' an eerie soo-ooch came plowing down the roadway and round the hillside, gathering the snow into weird-looking shapes, and leveling, as with a mighty trowel, making them treacherous snow traps, the deep-cut flood ditches with

the roadway. By fothering time it was impossible even for a hill herd to find a cart track, far less a sheep path.

"It's an' awfu' nicht," grandfaither said; "a fearsome nicht. I wish I had garr'd that auld wandered bide. I hope he got as far as Guidfallow's; but I feel uneasy aboot him."

"Nae fears," quo' auld Nannie. "The wandering haveril's toastin' his taes by this time at auld Rab's ingle, an' makin' the weemin folk eerie wi' some o' his ootlandish tales. Keep yer mind easy, maister; he's seen owre mony Hansel Mondays to be caught in a snawstorm when he kens o' a fire blink?"

It was noon next day before the storm stayed its worst, and then it seemed sweer to give in, for it soughed an' raged till night, when the stars came out, showing the callant the awful whiteness everywhere below beginning to glitter and harden with the icy breath of the frost king. At grandfaither's request next morning some of the villagers, with the callant and auld "Collie," tried to make their way around the plantin' to Rab Guid fellow's, but the snow was too deep. The next day we again tried it, this time by the high road, with Tam Muckle to lead the way. Tam was the molecatcher, and grandfaither thought he was so used to kicking and spreading flat the molehills with his big tackety boots that he would make a grand pathmaker through the snow. And he was a success, for, after many a fa' and get-up again, we reached Rab's straw-thatched whinstane cottage, that was more like a huge white cocket hat, with a long lengthening reeky feather atop, than anythink else I could fancy that morning. To Tam's query auld Rab replied, "Na, na; I hevnae seen the auld rake-aboot for twa months, altho' I've been thinkin' aboot him for a couple o' days." * * * "Ye dinna tell me sae! I hope he got tae shelter afore that storm

came up, for it's been a fearsome yin. I hevna seen its marrow for a quarter o' a century, and that wis the winter that Cessford's herd lost his life in the snaw."

We were still in conversation with Rab when the herd o' the Yett and his dogs came plunging thro' the snow round by auld Rab's hen-house. "Ye must be in awfu' need o' baccy to bring ye village-wards this morn," says Tam Muckle as the herd drew near. "It's no baccy I'm aifter this morn. I wis gaun doon tae the callant's grandfaither. I've a bit message for him that the callant can noo take; but I can guess what's brought you folk frae the village; you're lookin' for the auld fiddler? I thought sae. Ye'll find him in my hoose—gey still; but Ill gie ye my story. Early this morn I went up by the Scroggy glen. I had 'Dane' wi' me, for he's a guid dog amang snaw, and I had lost a tup, missed him frae the ithers when the storm was at its warst; sae I thought that mebbe he had run for shelter doon by the auld dyke. It wis a terrible warsle through the snaw doon by the glen, for the wind had swirled an' swirled roon the banks until it looked like a big milk bowie, and no' a very temptin' hole to go into to look for a lost tup. I wis returning hame again when 'Dane' rushed from my side like a flash, plungin' an' sputterin' thro' the snaw to a clump o' bushes on the braeside, where he started to howk and yowl, as if he had found the whul o' a wild cat. I followed as fast as I could, thinkin' it was probably where the tup wis, and there, half buried and frozen stiff, lay the auld fiddler, his een closed forever, and his hand grippin' tight to his bosom his auld fiddle, while rowed up in a maud beside him, gey feeble i' the bark, but still alive, wis his auld terrier. I can tell ye, neebours, it wis a sicht I'll no' sune forget. I hurried hame and got some help,

and now he lies in my ben room awaiting the joiner. This note was in his pocket, addressed to your grandfaither, callant; ye'd better rin aff wi' it at yince. I suppose it'll be the auld fiddler's will."

The note was for grandfather to give Saunders Yule, the banker, for the money and clothes to give the auld wanderer a decent burial. The joiner made a first-class coffin, and they dressed the tuneless clay in the broadcloth suit that came with the money from Mr. Yule's, laying the auld fiddle across his bosom. I noticed as I followed behind the cart that bore the remains to the kirkyaird that some of the big yauld herds and villagers passed the snuffbox gey often roond, and it must have been gey strong snuff to make Tam Muckle sneeze till the tears ran doon his cleanshaven cheeks. A piece of sandstone marks the spot where he lies. A bowless fiddle is carved upon it—the work o' the village mason.

I took the auld terrier hame. He shared the rug with "Collie" for two years. One night in the end of November I dug a hole and buried a' that was left o' "Foxie"—a lean, lifeless little body—outside the kirkyaird dyke, within easy call o' its master, as I explained to "Collie," who stood watching me hide with earth and withered leaves his dead companion. I told "Collie" we should have buried "Foxie" at the foot of its master's grave, but the truth must be told—"Collie" and I stood in fear o' Sandy, the gravedigger, who was ever prowling about the kirkyaird—Sandy's yaird.

MONA, THE BROWN-HAIRED.

A Tale of Highland Sailor Life.

Bring back my love, O sea,
  Safe on your heaving breast—
Waft his rare song to me,
  Soft winds, from out the west.
Malcolm, the merry one;
Malcolm, big Donald's son;
Brave Malcolm Maclean.

So sang Mona MacDonald—"Mona, the Brown-Haired"—daughter of Angus Dhu; sang, not with the tongue of the Sassenach, but with the soft, flowing, melodious language of Ossian, that is like the rising and falling of the waves as they meander shorewards over the yellow sands at eventide when the air is laden with summer's fragrance.

Her waving brown hair, scattered in ripling masses by the autumn winds over her shoulders, hid the white, swan-like neck of the singer as she tripped lightly over the hillside. And who is Mona, that I should tell of her more than any other light-footed maid of the Highlands? Ask the Widow McRay; for see, the singer halts at the widow's shieling.

"Ah, dearie, dearie," says the widow, as she comes to the door; "and what for would you knock at a door that is ever open to you and yours? And how is the mother? And ye

expect the boats in the morn? And I hope the fishing will have been good, because everything is so poor on the land. O, dear, dear; it is myself that used to stand for hours watching through the mists of the morning, and the shadows of the evening, for the return of my Rorie, and O how glad I was when he came; for he was a handsome man and brave, and as gentle as a ewe lamb.

"But the time came when he returned no more. Hamish, our son, had fallen asleep, for he was but a boy, and had played all day on the sands, and I was footing a pair of his father's stockings, when Sandy Bain looked in at the door to tell me the boats were in. 'Twas then a something seemed to strike my heart; but I hastened to the shore, where I looked for Rorie, for the moon was bright, and I could see the men in groups. At last one came my way with his head down. It was your father, and my heart turned sore, sore; for I knew he carried a burden that was heavy to bear, and hard to tell. I ran and met him, and all he said was, 'Rorie's drowned'; but he caught me in his strong arms ere I fell on the sand, for the stroke came hard. He carried me home, and your mother, the good woman, came, and I had one that wept with me, and we prayed together; for God knows best. Ah! but it has been yourself, my Mona, my sweet one, that has cheered me with your bonnie ways, and writes for me to my Hamish, my boy, who is a sailor on the big lakes in America, and is doing so well, and is coming home by the New Year. Yes, yes, your mother is always sending me tea; and I never have nothing to send her back. But sit down and rest ye, and have tea with me to-night, for my eyes have been longing for you; and a

wee bird whispered this morn that you were coming, and I have some nice scones. Yes, yes, dearie. I have been spinning some nice, soft wool, for I am going to knit your father and brothers and my own Hamish some nice stockings for the winter. Indeed, indeed; your mother and you has plenty to do with so many boys, and my fingers get stiff if they are idle.

"And, dearie, they say—that is, some of the neighbors—when Malcolm Maclean comes back your mother will be losing ye. Ah! you're blushing! Well, there is no better lad in all the Highlands than Malcolm; but I had been wishing for my own Hamish. But I know you won't be getting married before New Year, and I know Hamish would like to play the pipes at your wedding; and we would be so proud."

So spoke the widow in her rich Gaelic as she busied herself getting the tea ready; and Mona, never idle, soon had the spinning wheel running, while she sang:

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
'Onward!' the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that is born to be king
Over the sea to Skye."

But it was not only the widow McRay who loved Mona so well, and where her face brought sunshine. There was the time when the factor—"the Sassenach," he was called, because the Chief had brought him from London, although he claimed to be Scotch—ordered the Macallums out of their shieling, because they could not pay the rent of their croft. Macallum had been sick, and he could not go fishing, and the land was so poor. One of his boys had turned out bad; the other one

was learning a trade in Glasgow, and Sarah had gone to a Lowland farmer to work in the fields, where she had won a husband, but he was poor, like herself, in money. So the Macallums would have been turned out, only Mona heard of it, and she ran to the Castle and demanded to see the Chief, and the Chief came to the big door, for Mona stood there.

"And what wants Mona, the Brown-Haired?" asked the Chief in the language of his people.

"Oh! Chief"—and Mona pleaded with her hands clasped —"the Macallums; and you know he has been sick, and the land is poor, and he has not been able to go to the fishing, and his rent has been due a long time. Well, the Sassenach —your factor, I mean—wants to turn them out; and where can they go? I want you to let them stay, and the people will give them potatoes and some fish when the boats come back."

"You must go and see my factor about it, Mona. No doubt but what he is right in turning them out; besides, I cannot waste time about the Macallums just now, for I have to go to London to-night." And the Chief made as if to turn from Mona."

"What!" exclaimed Mona; "a daughter of the MacDonald ask a favor from the Sassenach! Surely the Chief himself would no' ask me to!"

"But I will give you a note to him, Mona."

"Then send the note with your ghillie, for I am asking no favour from the Chief, either, but just to remember him that neither he nor his factor has any right to turn the Macallums out of their shieling—to remember him that he once loved his

people before he strayed to the cities of the Lowlands and learned their ways—remember him that once loved the mist-mantled hills of his father and his father's people—that it was the Macallum who saved you when your boat upset off Dunvegan—ay, saved you at the risk of his own life, for father was saying you were a young man then, and a poor swimmer; but you loved your people, and their songs, and their games, and their simple ways. But now you weary for the mansions of the Sassenach and for the company of them who love you but to drain your purse of the rent money you gather from your kin, who earn it at the risk of their lives, heaved and tossed upon the treacherous deep, or by the plowing and seeding of their crofts that give forth in return scarcely more than the stones for the walls of the shielings that even the Chief craves, perhaps for paddocks, where he can imprison the deer that he boasts of to his Southern friends."

As she spake her dark eyes gleamed with a royal light, and her red lips quivered with her feelings, as she felt to her very soul the wrongs of her people.

The Chief lowered his head as he murmured: "Mona, I thank you for remembering me. I will not go to London to-night, and I will see to it myself that the Macallums keep their shieling; and I think we can find work for the Macallum ourself around the Castle."

Next rent day, too, the crofters were surprised to have handed back a third of what they paid the factor; and none knew that they had to thank Mona, the Brown-Haired, for the gift.

On the Sabbath, in the little Gaelic church on the hillside, Mona sang so sweetly, or told the bairns of the fisher-crofters the story of the fishers of Gallilee, and the wondrous draught of fishes. The mothers prayed in their hearts for great happiness ever to be with Mona. And the old white-haired minister, who lived in the other glen, blessed his young helper as she piloted him by the sheep-path from her father's shieling in the early darkenings to the light of his own manse.

But when "Ian Bheag" struck his step-son in causeless anger, it was Mona, standing between them, who called him a coward. Ian trembled and held down his head as if afraid to look her in the face—he that was afraid of no man. Didn't he fight and thrash the four tailors of North Uist, the father and three sons, just over a paltry button? And the tailors had a fighting name. Ian wished six buttons on his Sabbath day vest, and they sewed but five on. But Ian was always a vain man, and, besides, at that time he was courting MacDougall's widow.

Mona had the queen eye, ready to flash with anger in a cause she thought just—as ready as it was to fill with grief mist for some one's sorrow. Ian Bheag never abused his stepson again. Poor Angus was deformed and needed sympathy, and when Ian came back that same year from the deep sea fishing he brought Mona a beautiful branch of coral that he bought from a sailor at Oban.

I must tell you how Angus, the deformed one, when Mona's little brother turned very sick, when all the men and lads were gone to the fishing, ran through "the great rain" (as it is yet called, for no storm has equalled it since) over

the hill for Dr. Stuart. Some say the distance is seven miles one way, but every one that's walked them knows how long they are, and it is twelve miles by the cart road. But what cared Angus for rain, distance, or even thunder and lightning —only he longed to see the doctor's gable. The doctor was sitting at his little window, hoping that no one would need him in such a day, when Angus came plunging through the flooded footway to the house.

"Angus MacDougall!" exclaimed the doctor as he opened the door to the rain-soaked mortal, "what great trouble brings you over the hill in such a storm!"

"Mona's little brother is very, very sick," gasped Angus, as he sank on the stool the doctor pulled towards him.

"Mona's little brother," echoed the doctor, as he looked up at the black, rain-gushing heavens, and then at the waters roaring over the hills, turning the cart roads into a clay-red river—"not very tempting for man or beast." Then, turning to Angus, he said, "Well, if you braved the storm over the hill, I surely can try the road with Hector, the pony. You had better bide till after the storm. The lassie will give you something to eat."

And the doctor braved the storm, and Mona's little brother got well again. And when Mona met Angus the next day she kissed him on both cheeks, making Angus the proudest lad in all the glen.

And this is Mona now going home from the widow's, for the gloaming has nearly waned. She has a long way to go in the shadows that are darkening the hue of the heather,

but her heart is light, as light as her footfalls, as she springs like a fawn up the hillside.

"You expect the boats the morn," the widow had said, and the morn came, clear and refreshing. A kindly wind filled the little sails of the fisher boats, and before sunset they were kissing their wives and bairns and sisters—yes, and sweethearts, too. Mona was there on the shore awaiting them—a bonnie sight for her father's and her brothers' eyes; but Malcolm—where was he? Malcolm was well, but had gone to Glasgow after selling his fish (for they had had a large catch), and he was coming home by the mail boat. And Mona blushed, for she knew of many things that Malcolm was going to get, for he had measured her finger's thickness with a piece of thread which he hid away in the cases of his watch.

The days wore on until the New Year, when Hamish—now captain—McRay came home; and he said (I wonder if he was just fooling) "that he had come for Mona himself, but as he had been too late in the courting he would just have to be content with playing the march at the wedding." They had waited for Hamish's home-coming; and such a wedding! The Chief came, and his lady; and there were four pipers, besides Captain McRay, and no one ever heard McRay play as he played that night. Some said there were tears in his eyes, but maybe he was so glad. The Chief danced with Mona, and the factor danced with her; and if the factor was a Sassenach, he had learned very well the dances of the Scot.

There I will leave Mona. She seemed so happy with her little hand in that of her stalwart, broad-shouldered, auburn-haired Malcolm, as they sat watching the dancers—the

Sassenach in a foursome reel, hooching and snapping his fingers in the face of his worst enemy, the Macallum Mhor.

And Hamish McRay? Well, it was the spring time when he took his mother with him across the Atlantic; and I believe she shares the captain's nice home, with a very sweet-tempered Canadian woman, the captain's wife—a good daughter to the widow.

"THE BROWNIE."

A Tale of a Border Spate.

"The Brownie," as I ever remember him, stands before me in the mirror of the past, a quaint, twisted, thrawn-bodied little mortal, a crooked, gnarled branch of a handsome family —a heartsore to his kin—until the name of "the Brownie" was thrust upon him. But that's my story.

All the long, bleak winter the snow had drifted, driven into the lirks and gaps as it whirled in blinding clouds over the Cheviot range. Hoary-headed herds who had seen many a mutch o' mist or snow on Dame Cheviot, many an ice-locked burn, and watched the glint o' skates on Cessford's loch, or whurled the granite in the lang winters o' their young days, by the glimmer o' Auld Luna, never remembered o' seeing as hard a winter, and with many a wise shake o' their shaggy heads, and forcible draw o' their weel seasoned cutties (pipes), foretold o' the danger of the spring spates (floods), and tho' prepared for it they little dreamed o 'the result.

It happened on a Sabbath morning, showing that the elements had no respect for the guidly man. The minister, who, with more than usual care, had prepared a sermon that would awaken even Sneddon's Tam, the village doubter, if not from his theories, at least from his doverings in the kirk loft. Wat Elliot and Tosh Inglis, neighbor herds, were discussing the merits of March lambs, when a roar as if every river in the bor-

der had become one and was being driven by Auld Boreas himself over the brown slopes of the Cheviots, forced from Wat's lips, "The spate! the spate! Here, Dane, Dane!"—to his collie—"Weir away wide! weir away wide!" a signal for his dog to gather any straggling sheep—and gripping their crooks firmer in their hands, hurried to warn all of the awakening of the waters.

"Nae preachin' the day," growled the "Smith" as he gripped a steel-shod stick and pulled his bannet firmer o'er his lugs, "thir's no a footway but what's a river; and look back at that ice that's being thrown up on the bank—there goes oor curling, and we just needed yae game to make us even. The trophy gangs to Jedward again."

"Here comes Eckford," said one of a group that gathered around the Smith. The Smith was an authority and leader in everything outside the hearing of his wife.

"Thir's something wrang at the moss," exclaimed the Smith, "that brings Eckford this gate."

Eckford came swinging around the turn, spurning the waters that lapped his knee buckles.

"Come a' o' ye," he roared, "that's able! The hinds (plowmen), hooses o' Mosstower ha' been washed away, and the women an' bairns are at the Big Hoose, and the men has gaen to Aucrum, for a message has came that the spate has worked terrible havoc up there, an' I can weel believe it, for the waeter carries some queer burdens. Come a' o' ye that's able."

And Eckford measured the able ones with a look that was purely Eckford. Eckford measured a man as he would a stirk, thereby slighting and wounding the sensitive spirit of Allen

Bell, the deformed one, who was then eighteen, who turned homewards with downcast head—a head worthy to enoble the figure of an Adonis. But, alas! it graced a deformed body and limbs, a body that was but a target for the sneers of the unfeeling,—turned homewards, brushing past his mother, who watched from the turnyett her two braw lads following the brawny Eckford. Her een gleamed with pride as she watched her stalwart offspring, that thawed to tears as she greeted her poor, deformed, sensitive bairn, with words that trembled with a mother's feeling.

"Never mind, my bairn, ye'll yibbles be a comfort to yer mither when the ithers hae nests o' their ain."

But Allen only answered her with running toward the barn, and climbing up to the hayloft, and throwing himself amangst the hay, gave vent to his feelings in tears, as he moaned: "Guid Lord, ye hae'na made me bonnie in shape, but ye might give me a chance to show Eckford that I am as brave as ony o' them."

And the poor, slighted little hunchback sobbed and trembled amang the hay. After a time he crept over to the loft door, and swinging it open, looked forth, thrilled to the soul with the wild, destructive grandeur of the elements.

Where'er he turned his eyes mighty fields of clay-red water, tumbled and rolled, burdened with the spoils of its own destructive powers—fences, carts, and even carcasses of sheep and cattle were swept seawards—trees bent and cracked and tumbled with swishing splash, forming foot-brigs over the flood-runs. Even the mighty oak that had shook its acorns at Allen's feet at autumntide had been torn

from its foundation, and was being hurled, maybe to Tweedmouth, where the gleg eye o' some boat-builder would steer it where it would be fashioned for longer journey.

Thrilled to the soul, as I have said, with the destructive grandeur of the elements, Allen stood at the door, regardless of wind and rain that beat in on him; and as he looked towards Ormistoune, he saw what tore from his very soul and scattered some frightened drooket sparrows into the rain again. A wild cry—a cry that frightened even the horses in the stable beneath.

Hurling shut the door with a newborn strength, he slid down the ladder, and was soon fighting his way thro' the raging elements in the direction of the Waterfoot.

Wat Affleck, hedger, ditcher, sawyer and boatman, had returned from helping Rutherford's herd to house his gimmers; had arrayed himself in dry clothes, and was slowly but surely enwrapping himself in clouds of tobacco reek that he blew around him. As he lay in an easy position on a sheepskin-covered sofa in his favorite corner, Allen burst in on him, flooding the kitchen with the water that ran in streams from his clothes.

"Haste, ye man Affleck!" blurted Allen in excited mouthfuls, "thir's a thatch roof come doon the water wi' a collie and twae bairns on it. It came roond by Ormistoune, and is noo stuck in the big saugh tree opposite the Plowlands. Sae haste an' gi'es a hand to get oot yer boat."

But while Allen was talking Wat was pulling on his boots and was soon leading the way to the shed where he kept the ford boat in the winter months. They had but a short distance

to pull the boat, for the Teviot is a wild stream in a spate, and had spread over the haughs, making the lowlands

> From Tweedmouth to Scotts o'Harden
> One great troubled, clay-red sea,
> A wild, destructive, drift-strewn sea.

And anyone can show you to-day gateposts along the roadway, notched above the topmost fence bar—notches made by Affleck and others to point to as the water's height as they retold the story of the year of the great spate.

Looking in the direction Allen had spoken of, Affleck could see enough to substantiate Allen's story, that there was a raft or roof with some living objects upon it, held fast, seemingly, by the big saugh tree, and, fortunate for them, down the river.

But it was no easy task, even for a man such as Affleck was, who knew every salmon bed from Kelso brig to Teviot head. But, "wi' the help o' Providence," as Affleck said afterwards, they succeeded in steering clear of tree and driftwood, Allen working like the hero that he was, using a steel-shod pole, while the hedger handled the oars.

As they neared the tree they could see that the strange raft was, as Allen had said, "the thatch roof of a cottage, and twae bairns and a collie"—the bairns a boy of about six and a lassie o' three, tied securely to the roof with straw ropes, in charge o' the noble collie, that gave vent to a joyous howl as Allen sprang on the roof beside them.

"The Brownie! the Brownie!" cried the boy, as Allen cut the ropes and carried their cold, wet little bodies to Affleck, who rolled them up in shawls, that Affleck's wife, who, I have neglected to mention, had thrown in the boat. "A far thinking woman," so

said her husband as he made them as comfortable as he could, and, stroking the intelligent head of collie, who lay down beside them, gave Allen the sign to shove away from the tree.

The wind had fallen, and although it still rained, it had spent its fury. So, letting the boat drift, they were able without much exertion to reach Plowlands, where an anxious crowd had been watching them for some time, and willing, kindly hands carried the bairns to the kitchen, where they and their saviors were soon made comfortable by the guid wife o' Plowlands, with warm clothes and hot gruel. And Allen became the hero of the spate.

"He's a game yin, let me tell ye," said Affleck. "Hoo he ever reached my hoose it's mair than I can tell ye. He must hae swam the Oxnam."

"Na," exclaimed Allen, "thirs a tree fell up by the plantain, and I came across it. But they are Ancrum bairns, for I mind, o' seeing the laddies at Pinelheugh. I was amang the whins, and he thought I was a Brownie."

"I heard him ca' ye the Brownie. But they have fallen asleep. I hope thir faither and mither is safe."

"Here's some yin coming frae Ancrum way now," said Plowlands, entering at that moment, "and feggs! the collie kens them"—as the dog rushed past him and up the hill, barking joyously, in the direction of the comers.

They proved to be the father and two of his brothers, who had been informed that the bairns they supposed were drowned were safe in Plowlands' kitchen, thanks to Allen and Affleck.

"We're no the only yins," said the father, "that the spate has robbed o' a hame, and we mauna forget to give thanks to

the Almighty in being saved oursel's and sending to the aid o' my bairns sic a brave callant. The flood came on us unawares, bursting the banks and tearing everything before it. My hoose stood richt in its way. I tried to get the wife and bairns oot and take them to a place of safety, but I hadnae time. I climbed to the roof and tied the bairns so they would be safe, and returned for my wife. But the water came with siccan a fury that my bit biggin' was but a sheaf before it, and when I was able to gather my confused wits the roof and bairns were whurlin' roond Grubbits' turn, and my faithful collie—guid dog—standing guard over them. Hooever, I managed to get my wife to Ancrum Ha' I'll never tell ye; but she's there safe enough, breaking her heart over the loss o' her bairns, and I maun get back to her to make her heart glad. I'm a puir man, and I canna gi'e ye mair than thanks; but if ye want my collie—brave Dona'—ye can ha'e him. He's worth mair to me than the estate of the Douglas."

"Na, na," said Affleck, "keep the dog. We're well enough repaid. For mysel', I've been wanting to taste the guide wife o' Plowlands' cheese, and I never got a better opportunity. And as for Allen, he's earned a name he has reason to be proud o'—the Brownie—the hero o' the Big Spate. Ha'e ye ony daughters, Plowlands? Weel, if ye ha'e, ye never could get a braver son-in-law."

And that is how Allen Bell, the support of his old mother, when I knew him, came to be called "the Brownie"—a name that even Eckford was proud to call him by, who had done some heroic work himself that day—a fit name for the loving, kindly village schoolmaster, whom I can see even now, whose deformities were hidden by the grandeur of his soul.

BONNIE MIRREN KERR.

Ha' an' hallan mourned the sons and fathers, chieftains and henchmen who had gone out with Scotland's thoughtless yet brave king against the army of their common enemy, England. Red, red ran the waters o' the Till, mingled with tears of the weepers, to its broader, deeper sister, the Tweed, which carried the message of hate and grief to the goal of many troubles, the sea. Young mothers nursed their fatherless babes, nursed them with milk tainted with a deeper hate for the dwellers south of the Cheviots; and even at this late day some of the Border Scots feel betimes the tingling of the tainted streams. And surely mothers and orphans of "Merrie England" had as just cause for grief as "Bonnie Scotland."

But while women wept, lads (some scarcely within the girdle of the teens) that had run with glee but the yesterday among the heath and bracken found themselves by the hand of war the head of a household. They threw aside the play-stick and the kite string to grasp the lance or bow, or even the blood-washed sword that lay at the side of their dead sire, and, kneeling on the blood-soaked heath, prayed to Heaven for the strength o' men to strike another blow for Scotland's cause, and to avenge their kin that lay seemingly but prey for the gluttonous corbie that hovered with rasping screech above them—loyal kin, who had followed the royal leader to fatal Flodden, never to return.

There stood, or perhaps there stands to-day, the ruined wing of an old castle on the banks of the river Kayle, near the village of Hownam—a crumbling memory of a family whose motto, "We take who dare," was known and heard of for many a mile on both sides of the Border. Kerr of Hundalee had gone with three brave sons—the youngest but in his teens—with the Scottish army to Flodden plain. They fell near the body of their royal chief—fell with their heads towards the south. A weeping mother and widow, with a wee lassie at her breast, and a laddie o' but five summers, were all that were left to guard Hundalee from the English invader, should he come that way.

As this laddie grew toward manhood he showed the spirit of a true Kerr. He had lived up to the motto of his house when but a stripling. His sister, bonnie Mirren Kerr ("Rose o' Kayle Water," as she was called), made many a gallant's heart stoon wi' a feeling that couldna be stilled by a raid across the Border. But her heart was for none o' them until at the Castle o' Fernieherst, the home of her kinsman, she met and loved handsome Willie Polwarth, laird o' Elmtree Ha'. Many a lad looked glum when the news reached them that Mirren Kerr had promised her hand to Willie Polwarth; and woe betide the English foe that came near their ever-ready lance when in such a mood. But all wished the handsome victor joy, and promised to dance at the weddin'—all but Bauldy Maxton, baron o' Dunyon Keep at Jeddart Tryste, who burned wi' another feeling than that o' friendship.

"Beware o' Maxton," said Johnny Armstrong to Polwarth, as they rode together from the Tryste toward their homes;

"he loves ye but little since ye won the love o' Mirren Kerr."

"Little care I," said Polwarth, "for the anger o' Bauldy Maxton; he was aye a dour friend, but he never met me yet with spear or quarter staff."

"Aye," said Armstrong, "but traitor blood runs in the veins o' Maxton; his mother came o' the house o' Monteith, and now, since the news be true that our beardless king seeks favour from England, by promising to put an end to our raids across the Border, even if he has to accomplish it by fire an' blood, take care that Maxton, to save himself, does not play traitor to the Laird o' Elmtree Ha'."

"Surely," said Polwarth, "our king, before he sets our homes in a lowe, will think of our fathers and brothers who fought and fell with his own sire at Flodden."

"Our king thinks but little of our sires who fell at Flodden," exclaimed Armstrong, as he brought his gloved hand down heavily on his horse's neck, almost forcing the animal to its knees. "He thinks but o' making his peace with King Harry an' crushing the power o' the Douglas; for well he knows that the men o' Tweed and Teviot are quicker to rally at the slogan of a Douglas than at the command o' a Stewart. But here we part. Farewell, an' beware ye o' Maxton."

* * * * *

Hither an' thither, in happy mood, ran men an' maidens, with armful o' white heather—the hill flower o' good luck—decorating from base to turret the Castle o' Hundalee; for 'tis the day that the gallant Polwarth weds the bonnie Mirren. Harpers an' fiddlers, and even kilted pipers frae the far north, gather in the kitchen to await the gloamin', when the feasting

an' rejoicing would begin. Up in one of the rooms, whose windows faced the roadway leading to the Elmtree Ha', sat mother and daughter, the mother's nimble fingers weaving wreaths of moss-rose an' fern, enriching them with threads of bluebells and forget-me-nots. The daughter, the bonnie Mirren, whose rich velvety cheek was a worthy rival in hue to the rose her mother held in her hand, watched eagerly from the window for the coming of some one down the roadway, while the sportive sun elve played hide-an'-seek among the golden wavelets that crowned her queenly head, and flowed over her milk-white neck and shoulders.

"I dinna ken what makes me feel sae," said the mother; "but I hae just that same feeling I had afore the bloody Flodden—a feeling that something is gaun to happen to the House o' Kerr."

"Tut, tut, mother," said her son, a dark-haired, worthy descendant o' the Kerr. He had just entered the room, and as he bent over kissed her sorrow-seamed brow. "Tut, tut, mother; this is nae day to hae rueful thoughts; you are but dowie wi' the thought o' the handsome Polwarth robbing us o' oor bonnie Mirren; but ere the Yuletide I will bring ye a daughter as bonnie and as kind as the fair Mirren; an' tonight, dear mother, you and I will lead the dancers, and we will show the gallants an' maidens who gather at Hundalee in honour o' my sister's weddin' that the Lady o' Hundalee is as graceful in motion as when—as your own sweet lips hath told us oft—you led the dancers in your father's ha' with Scotland's heroic king."

"Look ye, Hugh; look, is that not Wat o'Dyrlinton who rides in such haste?" exclaimed Mirren. "See, he comes to

Hundalee. Surely, evil tidings gars the honest Wat urge his bonnie mare to such a pace. Haste ye an' meet him, brother."

But Hugh had already gone, and was himself at the yett when Wat staggered from his mare. Poor brute, it looked as if it had swam the Tweed while in a spate; but soon Ringan, Hugh's henchman, was rubbing it down with fresh bog hay, while its master in excited language told Hugh how the king with an army o' men had reached Jedworth. "Evil tidings, aye, evil tidings, when the king comes on such an errand," exclaimed Wat. "Every house from Hawick to Jedworth has lost its chief—not by lance or bow, but with traitor's hemp. In a grove, side by side, hang the flowers o' the Border, Scott and Armstrong, Elliot o' Minto, Todd o' Tushielaw, and your brave kinsman, Kerr o' Fernieherst. 'Twas Livingstone, o' Ancrum, who brought me the bloody tidings. He said that Maxton o' Dunyon Keep rode side by side with our beardless monarch, and that Elmtree Ha' was the next resting-place. Methinks little favour will be shown Polwarth when Maxton rides stirrup to stirrup with the king. And to-night the Polwarth was to wed your sister! Would that I had been the bearer o' better tidings on such a day to fair Hundalee."

Little said the Kerr; but, calling Rab Murray to his side, gave orders to mount every steed an' ride with him to Elmtree Ha'.

Wat's story soon reached every ear, an' heath-bell an' rose-bloom soon lay crushed aneath the feet o' the maidens, who had so eagerly gathered the gay blossoms but a little before. A maid had carried the tidings to Mirren and her mother, and never a flower that ever bloomed was wet wi' a richer dew

than the roses and forget-me-nots that lay in half-woven wreaths in the lap o' the gentle mother o' Hundalee.

"Sweet mother," said Mirren, whose own poor heart was like to break—the eve o' her weddin', her uncle, her dead father's brother, the martyr o' a beardless king's wrath, an', perhaps, her betrothed at that moment had been meted out the same cowardly fate!—"sweet mother, my brother even now is rallying his men in the court-yard to ride to Elmtree Ha'. Let me but go with him. Maybe the king will listen to the pleadings o' the daughter o' a Kerr. Surely a king wars not with women, and his father, as you have told me, loved to listen to the sweet ballads that Miriam Cranstone—my own sweet mother—sang in her father's ha' ere she became the bride o' Hundalee."

"You have indeed, sweet Mirren, brought to my memory something that, if not already too late, might save the life o' Polwarth, or even the Kerr; but I fear Dyrlinton's story's too true. Hand me yonder little box. Take this ring, ride with Hugh to Elmtree Ha', or Jedworth. Show it to the king, and tell him that his father gave it to me on my weddin' day as a token of his love for the Houses of Kerr an' Cranstone; an' surely the son of such a noble father would never hearken with unfeeling heart to the pleadings of a daughter of his father's friend."

Soon up the roadway rode the Hugh o' Hundalee and his fair sister, never drawing bridle until they entered the court-yard o' Polwarth.

If the House o' Hundalee had been making great preparations for the coming wedding the Polwarths were preparing

for as grand a hame-coming for their gallant master's bride; for a nobler family never bent a bow or carried a lance on Scotia's Border than the House of Polwarth. With lightsome song the happy Polwarth was preparing for his departure to Hundalee when a henchman came running with the tidings that the king with a body o' men had entered the lands o' Polwarth by the north yett. Armstrong's warning came back to Polwarth, and for a moment he turned pale; but not with fear. Quickly controlling himself he hurried to greet the king, at whose side rode the Baron o' Dunyon Keep. "Weleome, royal chief! welcome to the halls o' Polwarth. And you, neighbor Maxton, come ye to wish me joy on my wedding day? Or what means this array in the courtyard of your vassal, royal master?" As he spoke the Polwarth kissed the king's hand, who had dismounted from a handsome grey charger.

"It means, bold serf," replied the king, who was then but a stripling in years but a man in experience, "that ere another hour passes the roadway of time the Knight of Polwarth will dangle from yonder tree, a warning to all traitors. We have but left in 'Gideon's Grove,' hanging from a row of trees, some of your bold kinsmen, whose swords never again will leap at the slogan of a Douglas."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Polwarth. "Who dares brand the Knight of Polwarth a traitor?"

"I do," said the Baron o' Dunyon Keep. "Did ye not at Jedworth Tryste, within my hearing, boast with Armstrong that your sword and followers were ever ready at the call of a Douglas?"

"And what gift of the king does the Baron o' Dunyon Keep receive for playing the fox on his neighbors? The lands

o' Polwarth that his een ever craves for? If we have been loyal to the brave Douglas, Douglas was ever loyal to Scotland, and, methinks, if jealous tongues had not poisoned the ear of our king, and placed him by their venom to brood behind prison walls, the king's advisers would never have dared urge their royal youthful master to strike such a blow against his Border subjects. But (and the Knight o' Polwarth turned to the king, who stood toying with his jeweled sword) I kneel for no mercy to one whose hand is already stained with the blood of my kin, who would have followed him even to the gates of London. All that I crave from your kingly will is, to let my followers go free. Some day you will have need of them —ay, against the very ones who whisper in your ear to-day the cunning words of friendship."

Breaking his word across his knee Polwarth stood with arms folded across his breast, until the king ordered some of his followers—Maxton taking the lead—to bind him hand and foot and drag him to a tree that stood in all its summer foliage nearby. Maxton himself stood with the hempen cord in his hand, which had been thrown over a limb, as if he itched for the king's command to send his rival the way of the Kerr. But they had scarcely dragged him to the tree when, with wild shouts, Hugh o' Hundalee, with forty lancers and the bonnie Mirren galloped through the south yett. Halting before the king Hugh sprang from his steed, and helping his sister to dismount, they knelt hand in hand before the king, craving an audience with His Majesty.

"I grant it," said the king; "not for your sake," turning to Hugh, "but for the winsome maiden that kneels beside you,"

and taking the bonnie Mirren by the hand he bade her arise and speak.

Withdrawing her hand Mirren took from her finger the ring her mother gave her, and said, "Noble king, my mother bade me present this ring before you, a token of love from your brave sire to the Houses of Cranstone and Kerr, saying, 'surely the son of such a noble father, whose ear was ever ready to listen to the pleadings of the weak, and whose sword was ready to defend them, would listen to the prayer of her daughter.' To-night, noble king, and see even now the sun sinks behind the purple mantle of the west, to-night the brave lad I lo'e was to make me the Lady o' Elmtree Ha'; and now he stands by your command, bound hand and foot, as if he was a traitor, with the hempen cord around his neck, and the hand of a Maxton ready to deal with him as some say you have already dealt with my uncle o' Ferniherst. I ask you here on my knees, in the name o' our House, to spare the life of the Knight o' Polwarth; and if it is not already too late, of Kerr and Armstrong, for never traitor blood ever ran in the veins of those men. Spare them, for the Border can little afford to lose them; and you will have the blessings and prayers of every maid and mother on the Border; and I, myself, will travel to the good St. Cuthbert's thrice a year, on my knees if need be, to pray and do penance for the future of Scotland's stripling king."

"Ay," said the fiery Hugh, "and I am ready with fifty lances and twenty as good bowmen as ever peeled a sapling, to follow you into the very heart o' England. Say but the word, gracious king, and ere to-morrow's sun goes down Lord Dacre,

England's trusty general, is behind the walls o' Jedworth awaiting your Majesty's pleasure."

"I wish not England's general," said the king, "but never man, be he gentle or simple, could withstand the pleadings of such a bonnie maid. Kerr and Armstrong have already hung, and even yet I am tempted to please the Maxton and hang the haughty Polwarth, whose sword hath been turned against his king, and who but a few minutes ago flung the praises of the Douglas' in my face. On one condition, fair Mirren, can your lover go free—that to-night there will still be a wedding at Hundalee, and I, Scotland's king, be honored in giving away to the Knight of Polwarth the bonniest lass on the Border. My father gave a token of love to your mother, and the son to-night will plead for the love of the knight and lady of Polwarth."

Grief and pleasure mingled freely that night at Hundalee; grief for the fate of the brave Kerr and Armstrong, and joy that Willie Polwarth was still alive to wed the bonnie Mirren. The House o' Polwarth has to this day the ring that the king placed on the finger of the bride of Polwarth that night.

Early the following morning some o' Hundalee's men found the Maxton pinned dead with an arrow through the neck to an oak near Dunyon Keep, the head of the arrow buried deep in the tree. No one knew who did the deed, and no one seemed to care, but none drew a stronger bow on all the Border than Hugh Kerr o' Hundalee. The tree was known ever afterwards as the "traitor's tree." In grandfather's young days the tree was cut down, and buried in its heart was the head of an arrow.

GRAEME DOUGLAS.

About a stone's throw from the Auld Brig stands a big beech tree, carved and haggled with initials and rude signs, done by the young folk of the village, or those that once were —my own are there. I don't think the tree will be cut down, unless the new laird is a different man than his father, who now sleeps on the braeside with his kin. There is an irregular cut ring, about five feet from the roots, with the initials in it, "J. T. and G. D." You would know the character of the one that did the carving by the bold, deep-cut letters. "J. T." stands for Jessie Tynlan, youngest daughter of "Auld Yiddie" —or to give him his proper name and title, Mr. Adam Tynlan, gravedigger. My picture of her is but a playmate's, or when she was a lassie of eighteen; and as I write I see her crossing the stream by the stepping-stanes, her waving brown hair agleam with ripples of gold, scattering in unbound masses, hiding a plump fair neck that carried a dimpled round chin, a ripe bewitching mouth, rosy cheeks and laughing blue een; and as she laughs aloud I see two rows of perfect, even teeth. I never saw anything that could compare to them in whiteness, in those days, unless rows of newly-washed ewes.

At mid-stream her little sun-browned hand is clasped in that of a tall, broad-shouldered youth of twenty or thereabouts —the second son of Norman Douglas, the village schoolmaster, and who was the "G. D."—Graeme Douglas—in the ring on

the big beech, and the carver of the same. He was a fine-looking callant, with black hair and piercing, commanding eyes. How I looked up to that merry, free-hearted young man! He was a few years older than I, and like a boy I was quick at seeing the noble qualities of another; for as boys we are free from the jealousies that creep into us as we reach manhood; and then you know a big boy likes a smaller companion as a confidant, and he would tell me of all his future ambitions; and I was ever to be his companion.

Well, Jessie and Graeme, as you will understand, were sweethearts—had grown up within calling distance of one another, sat on the sams furms at the school, and I believe he took her share of punishment along with his own, for his father was a firm believer in the tawse. Before my story brings the twaesome before you Graeme had just come back from the High School in Edinboro,' and would soon return there to the University. He was to study for a doctor. Jessie and Graeme and I had (for it was the month of May) visited all our old haunts, and that night he had carved Jessie's and his own initials on the big beech. Next morning I walked with him a distance of two miles to the station to see him off. As he bade "good-bye" to me he said, as he held my hand: "Man, Jamie, div ye no think Dr. Douglas will look fine in gold letters?" My pleasure at his words were akin to his own. Continuing he told me how, the night afore, Jessie had made him happy by consenting to be his wife whenever he received his degree. "An' I can tell ye, lad," he said, "her words will make me work hard."

Graeme went off to Edinboro', and I turned back to the bench. I heard from him about every other week, and Jessie must have received one every other day. It was nearing the end of harvest. Graeme's letters were full of his ambitions, and I was looking forward to a visit he intended making to the village before entering on his winter studies. I was coming from the Cessfords. The fieldworkers had turned homewards, and gloamin' fa' was cooling the footways, and hastening the birds to the plantins. I could hear the plaintive "coo-coo" of the cushie, coming from the "Birk-wud." My thoughts were of Graeme. I crossed the whin-brae for a near cut, and as I ran down the Ha-lane who came round the turn, arm in arm, but Jessie Tynlan and Capt. Lyall, "the visitor" at the Big House. He was spending his furlough with his Border friends. A fine, dashing, curly-headed fellow he was, beloved by all the villagers. Jessie hung down her head as we passed, but Captain Lyall gave me a cheery "Fine night." I couldn't answer, for a heaviness that clogged my tongue, and crushed from my vision the brightness of my often-pictured future. I wandered aimlessly homewards, where my supper, long cold, awaited me; and where it remained untasted—Auld Nancie mumbling loud enough for my ears about "the fate o' callants that gorged thirsell's wi' stolen fruit." The next day I met Jessie; but she was in too great a hurry to speak to me. Two or three days later I received a letter from Graeme. Everything was graund with him, but "was Jessie sick?" for he hadn't heard from her for over a week.

For over a week I tried to answer Graeme's letter, but I couldn't, and gossips' tongues wagged pretty freely about

Captain Lyall and Jessie Tynlan. I was at dinner one day when auld Nancie burst in with the news that Jessie had run away with the captain. Grandfather said "I'll awa' doon an' see Auld Yiddie; he'll need some sympathy." As for myself, I grabbed my bonnet and ran like a wild thing to the station. What for I do not know, for the train had been gone nearly two hours. Coming back I met the schoolmaster, who said, as he gripped me by the arm, "Dinna write to Graeme about Jessie, callant, because it might break him off his studies." I didna need to write to him—the next day brought Graeme himself by the first train. Folk say, "Ill news travels fast," but he, poor fellow, had met it. After seeing a college friend away by the Glasgow train, the day before, he walked along the platform where the train from the South comes in, in time to see Jessie and Captain Lyall get off the train. It was two or three years later before I learned what passed between them—how Graeme had demanded an explanation— and how Captain Lyall, as he strode from the station with Jessie sobbing on his arm, indignantly refused to give any, and hailing a cab ordered the driver to take them to the Balmoral Hotel, leaving Graeme standing crushed and bewildered on the pavement; but only for a moment, for hailing another cab, Graeme rode after them, alighting almost at the same time at the hotel as Jessie and the captain. What followed saved Jessie's honor; and the following appeared in the Scotsman among the marriage notices—"At the Balmoral Hotel, on the—ult., by the Rev. Dr. McGregor, Jessie, youngest daughter of Adam Tynlan, Esq., C ——, Roxburghshire, to Captain Edward Lyall, oldest son of George Welton Lyall, W. S.," This drove away the dark

thoughts and fears that had gathered at Jessie's home; but poor Graeme was another man. His father wanted him, and tried every means to persuade him to go back to college, but no. Graeme would mope and lounge around the village. I tried my best to cheer him, but he only groaned; and although he sought my company he was a dull companion. I lived in the hope that time would cure him.

It was the beginning of the next year that Graeme came running into the shop with the news that he had determined to enlist. "Man, Jamie,' he said, "I want to drive the past clean out o' me, and there is a chance of some active service just now. I'm going off to Edinboro' in the morning. Drawing himself up to his full height he looked my hero once again. His mother was dead, and his father had little to say against it. His brother thought it was the best thing he could do. So again I saw the lad, that I would willingly have given my right hand for, off to Edinboro'. I received a letter a day or two later with the news that Graeme had enlisted. Letters came regularly from Ireland and Malta. Then word was received that he had been transferred to the 42d Highlanders, who were coming to Edinboro' Castle. I met him at the station in Edinboro', sunburnt-black as he said himself, "like a Kaffir;" but a grand-looking fellow was Sergeant Douglas.

One summer Saturday Graeme and I were enjoying the boat ride to Aberdour. A little girl of about two years, with her nurse, was sitting near us. To show the baby the big fishes that pulled the boat the nurse held it up to the bulwarks. A sudden lurch almost threw the baby from the nurse's arms; and I believe it would have tumbled overboard had not

Graeme sprang to her side and clutched the little one. The nurse was profuse in her thanks, and carrying the little one to the cabin returned with its mother. We were leaning over the bulwarks watching the Fife coast, which we were quickly nearing, when we heard the nurse saying as she returned, "That is the gentleman there, ma'am, the soldier one." We turned, and the mother of the child was Jessie—Mrs. Lyall. "Graeme—Jamie," she said, as she held out both her hands, "Oh! Graeme, Graeme." I noticed her eyes were saddened with some sorrow. "How can I find words to thank you," she added, "or tell you of my heart's gratitude for saving my bairn." "The child was in no danger, Mrs. Lyall." But he could not get away from her so easy, for he had turned from her as he spoke. She held his hand, thanking him over and over again, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

With a sudden movement Graeme pulled his hand from that of his old sweetheart, and snatching up the little girl that hung to her mother's dress, he covered her pure little face with kisses, saying as he set her down, "Now, now I'm repaid over and over again," and with a "Come on, Jamie, the boat's at Aberdour," he pulled me away in the direction of the gangway. As we returned over the water again he broke the silence which had grown on us both since the meeting with Jessie. "I'll tell you what it is, Jamie; there is some mighty unseen power that compels you to forgive whether you will or no'. For years I have been trying to hate the memory even of my love for Jessie. Say, old chum, if ever you meet Jessie again, or her husband, tell them I forgave them both long ago."

You remember the call of the 42d to Egypt to the relief of that heroic leader, General Gordon? Probably some of my readers saw the grand farewell that was given them as they left—some for ever—Scotia's ancient capital. From the Castle to the station, from ground to tower, the city was decorated, not so much with bunting and flags as with human eager faces, cheering and shouting "Good luck" to the "Gallant Forty-Twa." God bless them, shoulder to shoulder they marched firmly and in order, stepping to the soul-thrilling music of the pipes down The Mound to the Waverley Station, a surging, crushing mass of civilians keeping close to them—weeping women, shouting men and boys who wished at that moment they were men. I hung by Graeme's side until we reached the station, where buirdly Highland policemen kept guard to keep back the unthinking mass of civilians that hindered the brave lads.

'Tis hard to write the rest. You know of the brave work of our kilties. Amongst the first to gain the Egyptian walls was Graeme; and he was amongst the first to fall. Ah! well. The hope of the Douglases of old was to die in battle, face to the foe, and Graeme was not unworthy to hold a place along with his ancestors.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Lyall on Princess street. I told them of poor Graeme's fate; but I did not give them Graeme's message until we stood at the grave of Jessie's father. What they said was enough, merely a simple "Thank you, thank you;" but the picture they have sent to me of their boy satisfies me. They have called him Graeme Douglas. God make him worthy of the name.

JEAN, THE GYPSY.

It was an ill day for the Widow Calder when her son, the village "ne'er dae weel," brang as his wife, Mag Gordon, a daughter of Kirk Yetholme, the home of the border gypsies. Ay, and a shame to the house o' Calder, for Mag was a wild creature, wild even for the tribe she came from, but she was good enough for Ray Calder, had he only been man enough to smoke his pipe in a home of his own finding.

It was a year's misery for Betty, as the widow was fondly called by the villagers, that ended with the death of Ray, killed by falling from the kirk steeple, where he was repairing some damage done by the storm, and the freeing of Mag from the bonds of the houseweller, leaving an open way for her to wander back to the tents of her people—wandered southwards, leaving behind, seemingly without a tear, a wee, dark-eyed, black-haired lassie, to cheer or grieve the heart of Betty, as the years would gather. And Betty's heart gave forth many a prayer, and from her eyes fell many a tear, for the welfare o' the wee orphan.

"I wad," said Betty, as the lassie grew older and bonnier, "that she had less o' the gypsy's beauty in her looks, and less o' the wild spirit, for she has a kind heart; but it's no the puir bairn's blame, for even if her mother hednae been an acorn frae the tree o' the wanderer, her faither, my ain bairn, was a wild rover."

Clever, changeable and bonnie, was Jean. Every lad o' the village and shire knew that same to their heart's misery, but nobody was to blame for loving her. Even at school, callants would take the "pawmies" that sometimes she well deserved.

She could have boasted—had she been a flirt—of many a love-sick wooer before she was eighteen, but Jean was no flirt. She couldn't help the lads from falling in love with her, and she sometimes thought she loved some lad better than another, when a new comer would wander her way, and, of course, Jean's changeable heart would welcome another wooer. But what need I dwell on her moods? Some have blamed her for her fickleness, and some have tried to shield her; and I am telling her story as I knew it best myself.

When she was still eighteen, Ewen Lander, a lad of twenty-four, came to the ha' as under gamekeeper from the banks of Annan Water. None had a gleger (quicker) e'e, and bird or hare would need to have the speed of the lightning when Ewen aimed. But, poor fellow, a steel trap never held a captive foumart (wildcat) surer than he was held by the glint o' Jean's dark e'en. Muir fowl, or even the timid rabbit, might have fed at his feet, and he would have seen them not, and Jock Linn, who had been the means of introducing the twae some, found himself slighted, as he watched them from the brig, meandering slowly up the primrose brae. But Jock could throw a slight over his shoulder as easy as he could a bushel of oats; so, with a laugh, he turned Smiddywards, singing:

"What care I for a lass that is fickle,
They're as plenty as blossoms in May,
Sae I jook ilka blow o' love's sickle
Singing hey deri, ho deri, hey."

"Jean has met her match this time," some one said; and I believe she was just as much in love with Ewen as Ewen was with her; and if Mag, her mother, had never crossed the border again—for she had taken a man again of her own tribe and was traveling, so a Yetholme tinker told, with the English Blythies, a gypsy tribe of Northumberland—had she never come Teviot ward, this tale would have a brighter ending.

Jean was at the Ha' sewing for the ladies, being deft with her fingers. Betty sat on a stool at the doorway, knitting, half hid by the honeysuckle that clung luxuriantly over the walls of her little whitewashed cottage, or hallan, her thoughts of Jean and Ewen, for he had been at the cottage the evening before, and had trimmed her little garden.

"That's a guid lad," she had said to Jean, as they sat at breakfast that morning—"a lad that'll likely make ye a guid husband and be able to gie ye a guid hame; and I could close my auld een in peace if I kent ye was weel provided for, for it'll no be long, lassie, before I'll hae to gang and join my ain guidman. But I hae tried to dae my duty towards you, as God has dealt wi' me."

Jean had only blushed and given Betty a kiss as she put on her hat and prepared to go to the ha', a kiss that had lingered kindly with Betty all day, and many a silent prayer she gave for the welfare of Jean, and now, as the sun crept nearer the forest, and the song of the mavis turned more mellow as it fluttered nestward where its mate, with mother chirps, awaited her lord to proudly show him their half feathered younglings before covering them with her downy wings from the heavy dews of evening. Betty would turn a longing look towards

the ha' road, knowing that soon Jean would come round the turning.

When a figure came up the roadway, halting not until she came to Betty's cottage, and in a voice that Betty knew, altho' the form was somewhat changed, for it was Mag, demanded the whereabouts of her lassie.

"Gang away, wummin, gang away," exclaimed Betty, in trembling words; "gang back yer ain ill-gate (way). The lassie is daein' weel."

"I want to see my bairn," said Mag, and as she spake she crushed herself into the house past Betty, and sitting down dourlike on a chair, seemed determined to await Jean's coming.

"Oh, wummin, wummin!" pleaded Betty, as she followed her in, "dinna disgrace the lassie wi' yer presence, but take ye back to Northumberland amang the Blythes. The lassie has grown up thinking you are dead to her forever, and a bright future seems dawning over her, you come back to blight the sma' pleasures that hae clustered aroond her by saying, 'Lassie, look at yer mither!' "

"And what will she see, Bet Calder," said the gypsy, as she turned a face, fierce in its tawny hue, upon Betty—a face that once was as beautiful even as Jean's, altho' ever swarthy —"a woman of a royal race, who never bowed the knee in homage to none, not even the Pharoahs of old. Ay, woman! she should be proud to know me as her mother."

But her tongue halted, for the one that they awaited appeared in the doorway, radiant in all her rare, young beauty; and as Mag arose, none have doubted but what they were kin.

"By my race!" exclaimed Mag, turning to Betty, who sat with bowed head, "Tinker Mathie told me o' this rare beauty. But, woman! she is a queen—a queen of the Romany. Come, kiss me, my dawtie, kiss your mother!"

"Mother," gasped Jean, as she stepped back; "what dae ye mean?"

"Ay, your mother, lass. What say ye, Mistress Calder? Am I not the lassie's mother?"

"Ay," moaned Betty, "an' mair's the pity. But noo ye've seen her, gang, wummin, an' leave her to the upbringing she's haen."

"Na, na, Mistress Calder, or guid mother, I should call you, I'll just e'en stay awhile an' feast my een on my dawtie. Dinna fear me, lassie," she said, as Jean evaded her, and running to Betty, flung her arms around her, trembling at the confession that had been thrust upon her.

And Mag stayed for weeks, to Betty's sorrow and shame. But she had the tongue of cunning, oiled with flattery, an' Jean, being of her own blood, soon was an eager listener to Mag's rare tales of gypsy life, and poor Ewen lingered long at the trysting tree, for Jean, who seldom came, and at her coming was but a dour listener to Ewen's murmurings. And the clatter of the gossip was carried further and earned a better reward than the call of the springtime crowherd, for some told how they had seen Mag and Jean—told when Ewen had returned heart heavy from the trysting tree, and watched his face grow black at their words—told of the mother and daughter visiting and staying night after night at the gypsy camp,

ayont the forest; and Ewen would wander down by Betty's, hungering for a glimpse of Jean, and would find Betty, her fingers idle, and her knitting lying on the floor, and all that she would say would be—but it was words dragged from the heart: "My puir, puir, lassie; my bairn, my bairn!"

But Mag left at last, and carried the wish of Betty, "that she would stop longer at her next camping ground than she stayed with her." And at her going Jean seemed to be transformed into the old Jean again, kinder and more attentive to Betty than ever, and Ewen—"puir fool," as Jock Linn called him—forgot all her neglect of him, and gloaming ever found him hanging over the wee gate at the cottage, or wandering along the banks with Jean as a willing companion. But it was merely a weather gaw—a blink o' sunshine before a greater storm.

It was whispered by them claiming to be confidential friends of Ewen and Jean, that there would be a "foot shakin'" at Betty's come the Martinmass, for Jean had named the day that was to make Ewen happy. And Betty had prayed that Mag might never come that way again, "for oh," she had said to Minnie Ross, "that wummin has an awfu' power over the lassie. Jean doesna like her an' scunners at her name—when she's away. But Mag has the eye of the evil yin, and I'll never feel that the lassie's safe frae her power until her wandering mother is dead."

It was nearing harvest. Betty could see as she watched for Jean coming frae the ha' the redness of the apples in the orchard, tinted a deeper red with the glory of the sunset, and the drooping grain in the minister's glebe almost ripe for the sickle.

Jean was surely staying for supper at the ha', for the smith had passed, and she heard the miller's wife calling "Supper! supper!" loud enough for her guidman to hear above the din of the mill. She turned into the cottage to eat her own, but merely poured her tea to turn cold, and there she sat until the dark'ning brought Ewen, but no Jean.

"I'll gang to the ha'," said Ewen, with a fullness creeping to his mouth, and forgetting to stroke puir Tabbie that purred at his legs.

"She left earlier than usual," he was told at the ha', and the butler, a new man, told him that he saw her talking to a strange woman down by the glen.

"What like was the woman?" demanded Ewen, his lips becoming dry.

"A tall gypsy-looking woman with a red shawl over her shoulders."

"Mag," was all that Ewen could say, but it had an awful meaning.

"I want my gun," he said to the head keeper, as he rushed into the lodge, never stopping to knock. "I want my gun. There's poachers down by the forest." And before he could be stopped, he had seized his gun and pouch, and was crashing through by the whin. The head keeper had to pull on his boots, and ere he got to the door Ewen vanished amongst the birk.

"The callant maun be mad," said the keeper; "but I'll get Jock Linn"—turning to his wife—"he's on my way, and send Willy up to the ha', and tell them we have gaen after poachers over by the forest. They maun be after young pheasants."

Crashing through whin and thorns, careless alike of tear or scratch, merely guarding his gun from getting caught in the branches, Ewen, with the demon of jealousy and bitterness urging him forward, sought the quickest way to the Roman road, where he knew that the gypsies sometimes camped. And as he tore himself through a large thorn hedge above the glen, away in the distance, above the dykeway, he could see the faint glimmer of a fire—a glimmer that told him of the camping ground of the gypsies.

Poor Jean sat with troubled heart within the opening of royalty. A tent a little better than the other dirty apologies for such in the center of the gypsy camp. Mag sat near her, and seemed to be trying to persuade her to leave, by flattering promises, the abode of the house dwellers, while Mat Blythe, the acknowledged king and stepson of Mag, stood hanging over them resting on his gun, while his comrades and followers cursed, sang and played with a dirty pack of cards near the glimmering wood fire that guided Ewen in all his fury towards them.

It was Jean that now spake as Ewen drew near.

"Hoo can I leave Betty, that has been a mother to me; or Ewen, that I hae promised to marry at the Martinmass, Ewen that I love sae weel. I ken the bluid, that is yours, that runs sae wild in my veins, mocks me in my attempts to live the life of the villager and urges me—ay, drags me to the tents of the wanderer. But, oh, woman—you that I know is my mother—leave me in peace. Unloosen your power. Dinna tempt me. Let me gang back to Betty, that I ken waits sae longingly for

my coming, an' to Ewen, whom my heart loves. Let me gang, an' trouble me nae mair, and I'll pray for your welfare wherever ye gang," an' Jean arose to her feet.

"Sit ye doon," said Mag. "Think ye, that I hae risked mysel' across the Cheviots into the country of the Faa's and hae wiled ye thus far, to let you go back to the hated housedweller? Nay, nay, Jean; blood runs thicker than water, an' gin ye winna gang wi' guid grace, we hae the hemp."

But a cry from a gypsy of, "Some one comes!" stilled Mag's speech, and forced every one to their feet, to make way for the stranger, who rushed, torn and bleeding, in the direction of Jean, who, exclaiming, "Ewen, my Ewen!" gave a bound towards him, but was thrown aside by the powerful Mat, who advanced with a devilish light in his eyes, leaving his gun in the hands of Mag, to meet the hated housedweller.

"What want ye here?" demanded the gypsy of Ewen, who now stood surrounded by the swarthy tribe of wanderers.

"What needs ye ask, an' ye see for yourself? I come for Jean, as ye maun weel ken, sae let her come, and I will forget that a Blythe has crossed the border."

"Jean has nae wish to gang back to the house dwellers," spake Mag. "She will stay with her mother and kin, sae take yer ways back, or yer blood be on your own head."

"Let me gang, mother?" pleaded Jean.

"No," sneered Mag, as she thrust Jean to a side, "the whaup will never moot (molt) in the dookit of the housedweller. Let the young keeper seek a bird of his own flock."

But Ewen, inspired by Jean's pleading, made a move as if to reach her, raising his gun as if to threaten any that would

bar his way. Some of the gypsies drew back, but Mat, who was known to flinch for none, and a man of powerful stature, almost a giant beside Ewen—and Ewen was one whose strength of arm was kent even to the vales of Cumberland—sprang in front of him.

"Stand out my gate," thundered Ewen, but Mat merely answered by rushing towards him, clutching with all his strength the barrel of the gun, that gleamed by the faint light of the moon that seemed to have arisen just over them, intending by his superior strength to wrest it from him.

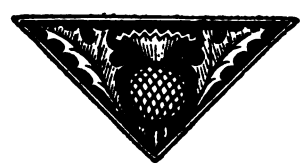
But Ewen, maddened with his love for Jean and his hate towards the gypsy, with a mighty wrench, that seemed more than human, freed the gun, and, grasping it by the barrel as he took a step backwards, brought the butt crashing down on the skull of Mat, crushing the swarthy giant to his knees.

With a scream Jean sped from Mag's side in the direction of Ewen, intending to shield him from the wrath and vengeance of Mag, who, frenzied at the fall of her stepson, had raised the gun—Mat's gun—to her shoulder, and was aiming at Ewen, who stood over the body of the gypsy, awed at the deed he had done, and fired just as Jean had run in front of him.

When the head keeper, followed by Jock Linn and some of the villagers, led to the scene of the tragedy by Mag's fatal shot and the glimmer of the dying embers of the deserted fire—deserted, for the gypsies had fled—Jean, poor Jean! lay dead over the dying, brave-hearted Ewen, the body of Mat having been carried away by his kin; for Ewen's blow had been as fatal as Mag's shot.

As they wended their way slowly, with their burden, towards the village, some one ran ahead to the minister's, for his was the task to break the news to Betty. But a messenger had reached Betty's cottage before him—a messenger that had led her away, where waited her guidman.

And Jock Linn, he that could throw a slight so easily over his shoulder, carried a burden to Annan Water, a message by word of mouth, that he turned thrice from the door with a message that has left a glint of silver among the brown of his young head, a message that led a weeping mother to the banks of the Teviot.



FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

A Story of a Strike.

An open letter lying on the white deal table was the silent cause of the grief of her who sat with bowed head and clasped hands on her chair—mother's chair—near the open fireplace, and of the anger of him whose tall, rugged figure—straight even with the forty years' (he was nigh on sixty) plowing and reaping on the stony lands of Duddingstone—nearly touching in its height the oaken peat-tinted joists of the mud floored, straw-thatched cottage of the MacIvors. Such is he, Donald MacIvor, and she that weeps is his wife, the giver to him of three lads and two rosy-cheeked lassies that are out at service, for everyone has to work; for health (no small gift) and not siller, has ever been the fortune of the MacIvors.

"Never let him darken oor door again," he was saying, when the door opened, and a young man, about twenty-five, that a glance would tell was a son of him who spoke with the ring of anger in his voice, entered, and striding over to the mother, put his arms around her, and said, "Dinna grieve, mother, dinna grieve; I will go and see Ferguson to-morrow and try to make a bargain with him to keep Frank out o' jail."

"Out o' jail!" exclaimed the elder. "Let him go to jail, after robbing the man who was ever my friend."

"Oh! dinna be sae harsh wi' the laddie," moaned the mother; "he didna mean to steal; oorsels are to blame."

"To blame!" burst in the father, "to blame for slavin' an' scrimpin' oorsels to gie him a good education, to make a gentleman o' him; him that has turned oot a——na, I'll no' say the vile word." And the old man threw himself on a chair.

As David (for that is the name of him who has just entered) tells his mother of his plans for saving his brother from the guarded walls of the Calton jail, and from the disgrace of having their good name dragged through the gutters of crime, it will be well to explain the shadow that has entered the home of the MacIvors.

Frank, the youngest of the lads, and the great hope of his mother (her "clever laddie"), the pride of the family, the one they had slaved and hained for—even down to his youngest sister, who had given nearly all her sma' earnings to help make her brother a gentleman—had fallen. He had gone through college with honours, and had obtained a start in life as an accountant with Ferguson & Fleming, shipbuilders and shipowners, in Edinboro's seaport—Ferguson being an old friend of his father—but had listened to the wily tongues of gambling companions. Finding his earnings insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the gambling table, he had lent a willing ear to the tempter, and had forged a cheque for £200 with the name of the firm. It was detected and he was arrested just as the last shilling was being drawn with a professional's ease into the wallet of the winner. The open letter on the table was from Mr. Ferguson, telling of their clever laddie's crime. It was a sad blow, and fell heaviest on the mother. For her sake, David, the second boy, who was a joiner, determined to try some way or other to save Frank. Robert, the oldest son, we

may explain, was already married, and had his own cares.

The following morning a young man, whose ruddy cheeks made the senior member of the firm sigh for the gladsome past that he had spent among the Lanarkshire hills, was admitted to the private office of Mr. Ferguson.

"I am David MacIvor," he explained, as Mr. Ferguson, a pleasant-looking old gentleman, turned from his desk toward him.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "I am afraid if you have come about your brother, as I suppose Frank is, that I have little good to say of him, and can do but little to save him."

"Oh! yes, you can, Mr. Ferguson; for poor mother is breaking her heart over the disgrace; and sir"—and as the young man spoke he stretched himself to his full height—"I have come from Duddingstone, where I am counted a fair mechanic, to offer my strength and skill—for I have no money—to your firm until every penny of the £200 is paid back with interest. I will work night and day, God willing, if need be, if only for mother's sake you will use your influence to get my erring brother his freedom. I ken" (and David got back to the Doric) "the laddie maun hae fallen beneath the glamour and excitement o' the evil game."

"I admire your spirit, young man, and for both your father and mother's sake would like to be lenient with your brother, but for his own good and as an example to others he must be punished."

"Oh! but I ken," said David, "he has already gotten a lesson that he will remember for life; an' it's no' like you were

gaun to lose onything; £200 may be a sma' sum for a big firm like yours; to us it is a fortune; but my labor an' skill you will get till every penny is paid."

"Well," said Mr. Ferguson, "I will speak to Mr. Fleming about it. In the meantime you had better see your brother. He is in the Calton jail."

David found his brother sullen, and seemingly indifferent whether he was punished or not. "What can I do?" he said.

"If I am let free nobody will employ me; my character's gone."

"But think of mother and father, and all of us. Mother is breaking her heart over it; and you've robbed father of the peace o' mind and ease he ought to have in his old age, after slaving to give us a start in life."

"Dinna cast up to me about mother and father. Leave me alone. It's mysel' and mysel' only that'll be punished for my wrongdoings," impatiently muttered Frank, as he turned away.

"No, it is not you that'll be punished most. Think of mother! Think of the bright future she had pictured out for you. Think of the luxuries she denied herself to give you a better education than the rest o' her bairns. Then can you say, 'It's mysel' an' mysel' only that'll be punished?' Oh! Frank, Frank, be a man in the future, for you can if you will only ask help from Him whom we were taught to look up to at mother's knee. I feel sure Mr. Ferguson will get you clear." And David with bowed head, left his brother and went to the lodging which he had secured in the morning.

Next morning David, who had been waiting for nearly two hours behind the big gates leading to the works, entered

the office behind Mr. Ferguson, impatient to know the firm's conclusion.

"I see you are on deck in good time," said Mr. Ferguson, as he took a seat after handing a chair to David. "Well, Mr. Fleming and I considered what you were saying yesterday, and have decided to take you at your word. Sit down, sit down; no need to thank me until you hear all. Remember you are loading your young shoulders with no light burden. The highest wages we pay journeymen joiners is thirty shillings (£1, 10s.) a week; so, even if you could pay one pound a week, it will take you four years. No, we want no interest. As to your brother, Mr. Fleming and I think that the best step he can take is to enlist. He is a well-built young man, and any regiment will be glad to have him. Six years' service—so much the better if it's foreign service—will make a man of him. Your mother will be prouder of him than she ever was before. This mistake of his by that time will be forgotten. So you can begin work here next Monday. Now write your mother and ease her burden a little. Your brother will be free this afternoon, on condition that he is to don the red coat."

The grasp which David gave Mr. Ferguson's hand told that gentleman of the thanks which the former fain would have expressed had his tongue been free from the overflow of a grateful heart.

The next Monday David carried his tools into the shipyard, and Frank learned the duties of the raw recruit along with others of the awkward squad on the Castle Esplanade.

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David had been over two years in the shipyard, and, owing to his skill and the large orders the firm had received and turned off the stocks in that time, he had managed to pay more than half of the £200; and to cheer up his mother a wee bit he had also given her a present at New Year's time. Mr. Ferguson had been quick to note the skill of the young MacIvor, and gave him many a good, paying job (for piece work was done largely at that time) that required an active brain and a steady hand. Wages were reasonably good, and both masters and men seemed contented, but in a large workshop or yard there are always one or two lazy grumblers that create mischief. Wellington Kilday thought that he had been born for a nobler cause than to plane a ship's deck. He was a poor workman, and seldom got beyond the job he at present laboured at. Over a gill stowp one evening he waxed eloquent before a dozen mates, as he told how he had figured up the great wealth that was rapidly flowing into the coffers of the firm, and the miserly dribblings that came to him and his fellow workmen as a return for the amount of skill and sweat they had given, and that had made the yard to rank amongst the first in shipbuilding. And from the discontented growlings of Wellington Kilday came a strike that nearly closed the gates against the woodworkers for that year. They sent in a demand for a penny more an hour, and an increase of 30 per cent on all piecework. They might have got a small raise, had they placed the demand in the hands or mouth of anyone except Kilday, but he, proud of being a leader, with the stride of a stage king and the manners of a Hottentot, presented himself as the representative of the United Shipwrights before the green table of the unapproach-

able Fleming. This was a mistake, to start with, for Mr. Fleming was no man to mingle with his workmen. He was brought up to believe (for his family boasted of their blue blood) that he was doing a noble work of charity to the working classes when he became a partner of a shipbuilding enterprise. "Well, sir!" thundered Mr. Fleming, "what is your errand?"

With hands holding back his coat so that the tinselled red badge of office that told people that the wearer was "President of the United Shipwrights" could be seen by the haughty Fleming, Wellington Kilday spoke: "I am the leader of my fellow-tradesmen, and in their name I come to demand a rise of one penny an hour, and 30 per cent. on all piecework; and if we don't receive a favourable answer by the end of the week, I—" and here Kilday stretched himself in the glory of his feeling—"I will call every man out."

"How dare you enter my private office on such an errand? Have you read the rules? Are you intoxicated, speaking to me in that way—me that is a benefactor to you and all your kind? Here, Graham, show this fellow out, and send the office boy to sweep out my room." And the poor man fell back in his padded chair, exhausted, muttering, "They will demand carriages next, to take them to and from their work."

That night, at a special meeting called by Kilday, he told in scarlet colourings of his unsuccessful errand. "Insulted me in your cause, but I made the pampered aristocrat tremble in his chair." It would take a long time and much space to tell of Kilday's speech; but it gained him the vote of the meeting, for in one voice they proclaimed a strike unless Ferguson and his haughty partner granted their demands.

The next Monday every woodworker, except apprentices and David MacIvor, waited outside the big gates for the granting of the rise that came not. I say all but David and the apprentices. David, as a member of the union, had been called upon by Kilday, to tell him (as he was not at the meeting) the decision of his fellow-tradesmen. David told him—and the way he drove a nail to the head in the oaken bulkhead convinced Kilday that he meant it—he had no reason to strike, and, besides, he had an agreement with the firm, which on the honour of a man he was bound to abide by, that made it impossible for him to join with the strikers.

"Blackleg and spy," muttered Kilday as he sprang up the companion-way leading from the cabin where David was working; but David heard him not.

It takes a good deal of courage to work in a yard where your brother tradesmen are out on strike, and David found this. Where he lodged many a taunt was thrown out regarding blacklegs and spies, and going and coming from the yard he had to run the gauntlet of heavier missiles than sneers and vile names. But David kept going and coming, unarmed and undaunted. Before a week of the strike had passed, many a one wished they had had the nerve of David.

"You are wanted by Mr. Fleming at once," said one of the clerks, as David passed the office, on his way back from dinner.

"Ah, yes; you are the young man we were pleased to grant a favour concerning his brother," said Mr. Fleming, as David entered the dreaded room of the green table.

"Yes," said David; "and I have been ever grateful for it." And he crimsoned to the hair roots with the remembrance.

"Yes, yes; I am pleased to know that I have one tradesman that is grateful, and respects those who give them the opportunity to earn the bread and butter that keeps them and their families alive." And providence in broadcloth wiped the moisture from his gold-rimmed glasses. Again David crimsoned, but with another feeling.

"Now," said Fleming, "I have called you in here to my private office"—and the great man spelt "My" with a capital M on a sheet of paper that lay on the table before him—"I have called you in to give you an opportunity to show your gratitude." And the Fleming paused, seemingly waiting to give David a chance to say something, but the broad-shouldered MacIvor only closed his lips the tighter.

"Let me see, you owe us yet nearly one hundred pounds. Now, to be plain with you, as you must know, since your foolish mates went out on strike, our work has been dropping behind, and we must have our orders completed by the end of the year, or we have to pay a forfeit of over one hundred pounds a day. Now we want you to go with Captain Shirlaw of the "Fiona" to Copenhagen and help to pick out amongst the Danes about forty good workmen. Shipbuilding is dull there just now, and it will be charity to employ them."

"Sir—and David stepped nearer the table—"Sir, you say I owe you £100, and your claim is just and right; and you and Mr. Ferguson I thank with my whole heart, and also in the name of my father and mother, for it would have broken their hearts to have had Frank to go to prison branded as a thief;

but am I not, with what God has been good enough to endow me with—a skillful eye and cunning hand—repaying you? Ay, and surely with good measure, repaying you according to our agreement 'Grateful for the opportunity to work!' It's you that ought to be grateful to the great God, whose charitable hand has kindly fallen upon you, giving you the privilege—man's greatest privilege—to open a way where your humbler brothers may toil to earn, as you say, 'their bread and butter.' Bread and butter! many are thankful to get bread alone. No, sir, little as I admire such men as Wellington Kilday, whose glory is but to agitate, and little as I sympathize with strikes, which are but shorter roads to poverty and degradation, yet as long as a man favoured with wealth, a shrewder eye, and blessed with talents to become a leader in the building of cities or ships, or handling the affairs of nations, forgets that the same Supreme Hand that made him made also the hewers of stone and wood and diggers of ditches—your humble brothers —so long will there be strikes and discontent. A man crushed and humbled by the scorn of his brother, master or leader, is a willing tool in the hands of the agitators. No, sir; I will work and plan for you at my trade until every penny of what I owe is paid, but when you ask me to become an agent to lead in foreigners to fill the benches of my countrymen—a renegade to my kin and yours—I say no."

"You are too hasty, young man. Mr. Ferguson already warned me of your pride. Think what our offer is; remember how it will benefit your mother and father. Not only will we give you a receipt in full for what you owe us, but we will give you £50 pounds besides, and Haddan's place as second fore-

man. Haddan is going as ship's carpenter on the 'Stirling Castle.' Think; you may never have such another chance in your lifetime. I am sure Kilday, or any of his followers, would jump at it."

"Then," said David, "you had better get Kilday, for all of your wealth could not employ me in such a cause."

At that moment Mr. Ferguson entered, and nodding to David took a seat beside his partner, who, turning to him, told him what he thought of David's foolishness.

"I am sure," said Mr. Ferguson, smiling kindly, to David, "that none of your trade mates would refuse such an offer, even though in doing so they harmed you."

"You have never tried them, sir. You judge us all by Kilday. I am sure, Mr. Ferguson, if you were to call in Chisholm, or Kennedy, they would give you the same answer. Not only that, but I think, if you were to call them into your office and treat them like men regarding their demands, they will leave your office to return to their benches, you and them both satisfied with the interview. I know that by this time they have become disgusted with Kilday."

"Very well," said Mr. Ferguson, "we will think over it; you can return to your work."

"A fiery-tempered young man," said Mr. Fleming, "but seemingly a thinker."

"Yes," said his partner, "if such men would be leaders we would have fewer strikes; but it is ever the Kildays, grumblers against enterprise or thrift, whose tongues wag, leaders but to air their vanity. They imitate the very powers they orate against. Such men as MacIvor, if they strike, it is not in sym-

pathy with such as Kilday, but in the spirit of principle. Now, suppose we have a talk with Chisholm and Kennedy? They have been in our employ over ten years. I know how to take them. We can, without even you losing any dignity, meet them half way in regard to their demands as per hour, any way. We lose nothing in comparison to what we are sure to lose if this strike continues much longer. It will take a month to initiate a gang of Danes, besides driving good workmen away from our yard."

"Give in to them!" growled Fleming. "Have your own way, but I believe in starving the striking passion out of them."

As David ran up the gangway a rivet red from the coals struck him a burning blow on the cheek; looking up, he saw it came from the tongs of Kilday's brother, who was a rivet boy. The gleam of the boy's eyes did not ease the pain any, but opened David's eyes to new dangers, and it was no surprise for him to find a plank that he was using for scaffolding over the main hatchway nearly sawn in two. That would have given him a fall through two decks to the hold, amongst a lot of pig iron. It was little wonder that David was in fighting humour when the six o'clock bell rang.

Whatever possessed Kilday—who liked to urge others—to shake his fist in David's face as he passed through the gate on his way home, no one ever found out; but shake it he did, calling him vile names the time. It was an evil moment for Kilday, for David's fist shot straight for the nose of the agitator, landing with such force that he went staggering amongst his companions, bleeding and gasping like a stuck pig. A cry of fair play came from the crowd, and a way was cleared for

them, but Kilday had slunk away with the blow, his legs proving wiser than his tongue.

But it turned the tide of feeling, and while some hooted the runaway leader, others cheered David; and that night, when the United Shpwrights gathered (the meeting being opened without Kilday) it was voted that Chisholm and Kennedy try to get a hearing with Mr. Ferguson and settle the strike, even though they should have to go back at the old rate of wages. And that is how it was that next morning, when Chisholm and Kennedy presented themselves at the office, Mr. Ferguson said: "The very men I wanted to see." David, unawares, had cleared a path that opened to peace, for every man went back to work the next day with the rise of one halfpenny an hour on time work, the piece work remaining as it was.

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"Sit down, MacIvor, sit down," said Mr. Ferguson to David a week after the strike had been settled. "Haddin sails Tuesday, and I think you had better take his place. Chisholm was telling me about you and Kilday. Now, we want a man that can command the respect of his brother workmen, and I think we have found one in you. The rest of the money you owe us—here is a receipt for the whole—we will just call it arles, to bind you to us till you get something better than we can offer. You needn't say a word. I know you did all you have done for your mother's sake. I am doing this for her son; for, laddie, she was the bonniest and sweetest lass I ever kent."

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And Frank—what became of him? He was with the Gordons in their gallant charge up the Dargai heights, and none

gave a better account of themselves on that world-renowned charge than Frank; and to-day in South Africa his name is spoken of as one who will receive the Victoria Cross; but if I were to tell you the deed he did you would know him. MacIvor is but a name I borrowed. He has been forgiven by his father long ago, and his mother and sisters are prouder than ever over him. I wonder—he will if he reads this—if ever he knew that his brother paid his debt for their mothers sake.

SYMON MEINE'S AWAKENING.

Symon Meine was born in one of his father's rickety, sun-debarred tenements in the city of Glasgow. His father had been a hard-hearted, miserable old money-grubber. Gossips told freely that Symon's mother had been starved to death; and the poor lad had been under the care of a score of nurses before he was able to run about and take care of himself; so it is little wonder he grew up a wizened, greedy-eyed likeness of his father. When the old man died—young Symon was over thirty then—he found out he had fallen heir to wealth he had little dreamed of—a long row of tenements—in a very poor neighborhood, and a snug round sum of money in the bank.

Symon had once visited a friend of his father's—and they were few—in the country, leaving a desire in the young man's mind to become some day a country laird; so we find him, a few years after his father's call to the "beyond," laird of Hazelwood—a fine wooded and farmed estate on the Border. He brought with him a beautiful wife—a lady bought with his siller—and their first child—a wee lassie of nearly two years. Symon's upbringing had made him a believer—and a hard one—that siller was the only true power. His father's motto had been, "Never spend a farthing until ye can feel a penny;" Symon's was, "If money can get my heart's desire, the money is mine to spend." And it needed to be his heart's desire before he would spend a penny. He loved fat cattle, fine horses, etc.,

but he hated to pay prices—for either cattle or man—especially man. The father had ruled the poor, half-starved people that were his tenants. The son imagined his riches ought to give him the same privileges amongst the simple villagers; but there is a difference between a half-starved Irish coal-heaver and a well-fed country ploughman—quite a difference, as Symon found out.

Symon's nearby neighbor was plain Rab Oliver. He owned a small piece of land, about 30 acres, but very fertile. Rab cultivated the most of it as a market garden, only a small piece for a pasture for a cow and a calf. Year after year, after Symon became Laird of Hazelwood, he tried to gain possession of "Oliver's Neuk," as it was called, but money could not buy it. Rab was contented with his wife and bairns to live where he was. He owed no one; he made a fair living—able to put past something for a rainy day; and as he would laughingly say to Symon: "As long as I dinna sell I'm yer equal, ye ken; you're Laird o' Hazelwood, and I'm Laird o' Oliver's Neuk."

There was a burn—there is, I should say—that runs sparkling and gurgling over Symon's hill land, giving drink and pleasure to his many scores of sheep, but when it reached the hill-foot, instead of running straight on its course through Hazelwood's well-stocked pasture-land, as Symon thought it ought to have done, like all contrary streams it turned, hiding among a row of hazels, then burst through into Rab Oliver's pasture—a delight to Rab's bairns that guddled and dooked in its cooling bed, and a refreshing drinking run for auld Gowan, Rab's cow; but a grievous mistake of Nature, to Symon's way of thinking. The siller-proud laird would alter its course.

What cared he about the laws of Nature? He would force it to run through his land. So he employed all the diggers and drainers he could find, and set them digging a new course for the contrary burn, starting it well up the hill, giving it a fine, deep bed through his own pasture, while his canny neighbor looked on with a mischievous twinkle in his grey een that told he was biding his time; for Rab was versed in law. Symon paid out his money to the labourers with a grudge, but it was for his heart's desire, and the burn was dammed and its course changed—long enough for Rab to go to law. Then Symon found out—after he had paid enormous sums of money to his lawyers, as well as the wages of the diggers—that he could not turn a river or burn's natural run, even although he was Laird o' Hazelwood, and owned a few bug-eaten walls in Glasgow. But even while the lawyers waxed eloquent, Nature herself took command, drenching the earth and flooding the rivers—for it was the Spring time—sweeping away the clay-dam, and urging the burn back to its old run. feeling unfettered, it burst, spewing and ploughing its way back through the hazels, dashed gushing through the hedge into its old stony bed in Oliver's pasture, to the roaring, dancing delight of Rab's callants—even the cow and her thick-legged calf louped and capered and bellowed with joy at the return of the waters, clay-coloured and frothy though it returned. All welcomed it among the Olivers, as a wanderer to its old haunts, contented to flow through the humble pasture of the Olivers (proof that it was only a burn)—all to the satisfaction of Rab Oliver, and to the disgust of Symon Meine. Besides, Symon had to fill in the forsaken runaway; but not be-

fore a fine prize heifer fell into it and broke her leg. And Symon grew prouder and harder amongst his neighbors than ever.

A kirk-path, that had been allowed for over 40 years by the former Laird o' Hazelwood, ran through part of Symon's choice land. He had it ploughed and sowed; but it was trodden smooth again. Then he put up trespass signs; but they were ignored. So, a short time after his trouble — the burn trouble — with Rab Oliver, he one summer Sabbath's morn flung his gun over his shoulder and strode down to the gap that he had fenced up so often, just to be torn down again, and awaited the coming of the first on his way to the kirk. It happened to be Tam Tait, mole-catcher, hedger, and member of the Free Kirk. Now, Tam prided himself on being first man at the kirk (barrin' the gravedigger, who had also been sexton for over a dozen years), and he had always used the kirk-path that was a saving of a good three miles' walk to him. Tam was known as a dour man, "an gey ill to han'le." As he neared the gap he spied the laird with his gun resting over a fence rail that was thrust in as a temporary rest and guard in the gap.

"It's a graund Sabbath morn," says Tam, looking at the gun as if to reproach its owner for its un-Sabbathlike exhibition.

"Yes, my man, it's a fine morning, and you'll find it pleasant walking round the turnpike, pleasanter than you'll find it if you try to get through this way." And the Laird o' Hazelwood toyed with the trigger as he measured Tam with his een, who had drawn a step nearer.

"Ye dinna mean to hinder me frae gaun to the kirk?" And Tam gave a stone a vicious kick with his tacketty boot.

"Yes," quoth Symon Meine; "I am determined, if you are going to the kirk through my fields, I'll stop you, if I have got to use my gun and shoot you as I would a foumart."

"Hoots, mon; dinna get angry. It's public property; the last laird gave it to the people as a kirk-path, and it's been in use for over 40 years."

"Use or no use, the land's mine," interrupted Symon; "and I give you fair warning; make an attempt to get through here and your blood will be on your own head."

"Dinna anger me, man; dinna anger me. I've no' been late for the kirk for ower twelve years, an' I've made nae allooance to gang roon the road this morning. Stand back, man, an' dinna hinder me, or I'll hae the sin on my conscience o' breakin' your back as well's the Sabbath Day." Tam made a dash at the laird. The rail gave way like spunkwood, and laird and Tam, with Tam master of the footway, fell struggling to the ground. With a rive and a twist, Tam gained possession of the gun; and his feet first; Symon threatening all kinds of vengeance that the law would help him in, as he rolled to a safe distance.

"Noo," says Tam, "I'll jist blaw the deevil oot o' the barrels for safety," and Tam took aim at a big spruce tree, peppering it with lead. "Noo, Maister Meine, here's yer gun. Na, na, jist take it, for I dinna want ye to blame me o' robbing ye. And ye had jist better march on aheid o' me, for I see some o' the kirk folk comin' owre the hill, an' ye micht gliff some o' the weemin folk. It'll dae ye guid to gang to the kirk the day, aifter siccan murderous thochts. Noo dinna say a wird, but jist step oot." And Tam kept urging and talking, while Symon

stormed and threatened, but feared the stalwart form behind him.

Now, Symon Meine had never been a believer in churches, and never intended to enter one unless he was carried. His wife occasionally went to the Free Kirk with her little girl, Ellen, who was at this time nearly eight years old. One other had come, but stayed only a few months. The ministers had both called several times, but Symon had ever an excuse—to the fields or hills—when he saw them coming up the braes. As they drew near the turnpike Tam advised—I should say commanded the laird to hide his gun behind the hedge, "as it wadna look weel carrying a gun into the kirk. Noo," says Tam, as they neared the kirk, where a few had gathereed, "naebody needs to be a bit the wiser o' this morning's wark. I can see auld Yiddie sortin' his glesses to tak a look at ye. Wheesht, man; I ken the family pew o' Hazelwood, and it's best that ye should come alang, for I dinna want to gie ony explanation o' yer conduct, and I'm no' very guid at tellin' a lee, especially on the Lord's Day. Yes, it's a fine mornin', Maister Trumbull; I'm gaun to show the laird his seat." And Symon Meine, for the first time in his life, entered a kirk, and was guided by Tam down the aisle to the pew of the Hazelwoods right beneath the pulpit, where the laird sat down bewildered, but seemingly in better humour, Tam going back to his own seat.

The seats were nearly all filled when a light foot tripped familiarly down the aisle and entered the Hazelwood pew, with an "Oh! father, I'm so glad you have come to church." It was the laird's little daughter, Ellen, who sat down beside him, holding his hand in hers during the sermon, a sermon that

must have touched him, for he drank in every word, God's loving message told in simple language by an earnest, simple servant of the Master, one who believed in warning man of the gathering of sins rather than building a wall of theories for man to dump his sins behind. At the singing of the psalms Symon would watch intently his little girl, who joined in the singing—watched her with a new light in his hard, steely eyes. After service he hurried away, only stopping long enough to tell Tam Tait, who waited at the kirk gate, "To keep a still tongue, and come up to Hazelwood to-morrow night."

The villagers watched him and his little daughter going hand in hand down the roadway; but none ever knew the real reason, although they speired at Tam cannily and jokingly what brought the laird to the kirk.

"Depend upon it," said Wat Rippath, "the man has got a warning."

"I heard twae shots this mornin' as I cam' owre the hill," says Jock Fenwick to Tam Tait as they tramped homewards.

"Sunilaw's callant gliffin' craws' yibbles," answered Tam, and said to himself afterwards, "That was nae lee, for Sunilaw's callant *did* fire twae shots this mornin', tho' it wis gey early, an' then I said 'yibbles.' "

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That same Sunday night as Rab Oliver was returning from the byre he saw an unusual light up by Hazelwood. For a second he thought it was an illumination in the heavens, but only for a second, for, hurrying to the house, he startled them all with: "Hazelwud Ha's afire! Hazelwud Ha's afire! Hurry up, callants, put on yer buits; there'll be lots o' help needed."

Rab rushed in the direction of the Ha' closely followed by his two eldest sons. Sure enough, they found the Ha' afire; servants and ploughmen hurrying through the smoke, trying to save what they could; while Symon and his wife and bairn stood watching what they expected to see—their fine home, but lately rebuilt, burnt to the ground.

"It's only the auld pairt yet that's burning?" questioned Rab, as he drew near to Symon.

"Only; but what can save the new, for the wind's rising?"

"We'll tried, ony wye," quoth Rab. "Here, callants and weemin an' a', get a haud o' pails an' buckets an' every vessel ye can lay hands on, an' make a hand-to-hand chain o' yersels frae the pond to the hoose; there's enough o' ye"—for they were gathering from the village and neighboring farms in panting groups. "You, Cranstone, tak' yer brither wi' ye an' keep fillin' at the pond. Maister Meine, you keep them workin'; yer wife and bairn had better rin doon to the Neuk; they'll jist be in the road here. I'll gang to the roof wi' my twae callants. We'll keep the fire frae spreading; only keep the water oor wye."

"And what will I do, Mr. Oliver?" asked the minister, who had just come forward.

"Get haud o' an axe an' follow me. And you, Rippath, get haud o' an axe."

Placing a ladder up against the new part, they were able to climb to the roof, for it was only two storeys high. Rab started to separate slate and boards — with powerful blows from his axe—that joined the old and new roof together. The minister and Rippath were nothing behind him in their ener-

gies, the callants meanwhile fixed the ladder preparatory to the handing up of the water that was coming rapidly along the line. Soon Rab and his companions, tho' nearly blinded with smoke, had the roofs cleared to the stone at their intersection. Every pitcher and pail in the neighborhood must have been there, seeing the way the water was passed from hand to hand that night. Every man, woman and lad wrought like clockwork, while the minister, Rab and Rippath loomed up through the smoke and flame, as they kept the fire back in the old part, like mighty giants. The wind had died down, and soon they had the fire conquered, but not before nearly every drop of water in the pond was used.

It must have been a grand sight to any onlooker; pails and pitchers flying from hand to hand in an endless chain, the bairns and halflin's handing the empties back while the stronger men and women cheerily passed the full ones that were emptied with such telling effect by the giants (for the minister was nae halflin') on the roof, into the conquered, sputtering mass of reeking ruins—all that was left of old Hazelwood Ha'.

Symon himself had not been idle. Finding he was of little use otherwise than passing the water, he stood at the foot of the ladder and passed it up the ladder, which was well burdened with willing callants who passed the pails to the roof.

"Ye maun excuse me," said Rab Oliver, turning to the minister, after reaching the ground again, "forcin' ye into siccan a perilous position, but I ken yer a graund hand at fechtin' fires." And Rab chuckled to himself.

"I'm in no more perilous position than yourself, but I'm pleased over it, for I've proved to both you and Rippath that I'm as good a man physically as yourselves."

"Aye, and a better man spiritually," interrupted Rippath.

"I'm no sa sure about that," answered the minister, turning to the laird, who stood ready to thank them as well as he could in words.

"I'm a new man from to-night, neighbors. I've been a selfish, hard-hearted rascal—been going about with my eyes shut through life, seeing the power of nothing unless harnessed with wealth. To-day, minister, you showed me a mightier power than all my gold and land. I have been awakened to a brighter future; I have seen a purity and love in my little daughter that I shall never blight; and to-night I have been shown the love of my neighbors in saving my belongings, when they ought to have been pleased to see everything burn."

"Come away down to the Neuk," interrupted Oliver. "Naebody has done ony mair than they ought to hae done—gled to get the opportunity. We'll straighten things up in the morning. Here, Jock; harness up the pownie, an' drive the minister owre to the manse as quick as ye can, before he catches cauld."

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Tam Tait showed himself bright and early the next night at Hazelwood. The new part was the principal dwelling-house —the old part, in ruins, having been the kitchen, laundry and sleeping rooms of the servants. Tam had been at the fire and had done his share of work the night before. He had even brought the gun from its hiding-place and placed it in the greenhouse, where the laird got it in the morning.

"Well, Mr. Tait, I saw you last night, but we were too busy; does mole catching pay you?"

"No, sir; not since you took the Hazelwood trappings frae me."

"Well, Tait, I have an offer to make you. You know the lodge stands empty. Well, if you like to go into it with your family, I can keep such a man as you very busy; and besides I would rather have you for a servant than a master."

"You dinna mean to get even wi' me for Sunday's wark?"

"Yes," says the Laird, "but not the way you mean; I'll give you good wages if you'll come."

"Well, it's a bargain," quoth Tam; "an' I'll start the morn."

"And the first job I'll have you do, is to get some labourers and make the kirk-path wide enough for a cart; I noticed on Sunday it was awkward walking, one behind another."

The widening of the kirk-path was but the beginning of many improvements that endeared Symon Meine in the hearts of the villagers and tenants, for Symon's awakening carried improvements to his poor tenements in Glasgow.

ADAM'S RETURN.

The Master of Hundalee proved himself the benefactor of the Nairnes after the taking away of their bread-winner, who had been the Auld Kirk minister; and it was little if anything he left behind him o' the warld's gear to his widow and bairns —two small lads. The minister was an old man when he married—a gatherer of books rather than siller—and his stipend was small—enough to live comfortably without the "rainy day" needs. Sir Humphrey had been his friend, and made his passing away easy by promising to look after the widow and bairns. As the boys grew to manhood Adam, the eldest, who had ever been the favorite of Sir Humphrey, became his factor, thereby receiving a salary that enabled him to send his brother to college—the greatest wish of the mother and the desire of the lad himself, who ever yearned to follow in his father's footsteps.

They were both tall, finely-formed young men, but the younger—Gilbert—was the greatest favorite with every one. Adam was dour and cared little for company, while Gilbert was the opposite. The first year in Edinburgh Gilbert was very regular with his letters home, and his visits were often. But the second year the mother returned oftener with a heavy heart than a letter from the village postoffice; while the letters Adam received did not make him better liked, for after receiving them he would be moodier than ever. And that summer Adam and Gilbert had their first quarrel, and the follow-

ing winter came the attempted robbery and nearly murder of Sir Humphrey. Adam had collected the rents of the Hundalee estate, and turned over the money to Sir Humphrey, who was alone all but the servants—his wife and daughters being in Edinburgh, and his son in London. He intended taking the money to the bank next morning. In the meantime, as Adam looked on, he locked it in his desk that stood in the library.

The Master of Hundalee was a great reader and sat up in a little room, or den, off the library often very late; and this evening he had fallen asleep in his chair, when he was awakened by a sound in the library. The lamp had flickered out, but it was a clear moonlight night—or morning rather—and as he cautiously opened the library door he could see a figure bending over his desk that stood wide open. With a cry for help he made a grab at the figure, who turned upon him, felling him to the floor with some heavy instrument. The cry awakened the servants, who came rushing half-dressed, headed by the butler to the library, where they found their master, as they thought at first, dead on the floor with the window wide open. They carried him to his bedroom, where they found he was alive, but bleeding terribly from a wound on the head. Some one had run for the doctor, who lived nearby, and soon he was able to explain how he had received the blow. "Whoever he was," he said, "must have known of me receiving the rents to-day. Go, John," to the butler, "and see if the money is gone."

"There is no money in your desk, sir," said the butler when he rturned.

"Then take the gardener with you and go to Nairnes', and tell him what has happened. And you, John, ride to Kalewood and bring the sheriff."

As they drew near the Nairnes' cottage that was about half a mile west of the "Big House" they could see that it was still lit up. They rapped, and Adam himself said "Come in." Entering they found Adam sitting at the table, dressed and covered with mud—as the butler described it—"like he had been dragged through a glaur hole"—while on the table before him lay a pile of money.

"Maister's been robbed and almost murdered," blurted the butler in way of explanation of their visit at that hour in the morning; "and he wants to see you."

"I know he has been robbed," groaned Adam; "but I have the money here, every penny of it I think, but the robber escaped from me. But come along;" and blowing out the light, after gathering up the money, he hastened along with them to the "Big House."

Adam told a very lame story concerning how the money came into his possession;—How he had felt restless that night, and taking a walk around by the plaintain he saw a man sneak from the trees in front of the "Big House;" thinking the fellow had been after no good he gave chase, and caught up to him just as he was crossing the brig. "He made as though he would strike me with a heavy stick he carried in one hand," explained Adam, "but I closed with him, and in the struggle he dropped something he had concealed under his coat. I tried to trip him, but he slid from my grip and escaped. I lifted what he had dropped, and found it was the bag containing the rent money I had given you."

"Why did you not bring it to the 'Big House.' "

"I wanted to see whether it was all correct."

"You can tell your version to the Sheriff when he comes;" and Sir Humphrey, with brow striped with court plaster flung himself back amongst the pillows, seemingly little satisfied with Adam's story.

Well the outcome of the Sheriff's investigation was that poor Adam was arrested and tried at the burgh town and found guilty; for he never tried to clear himself by telling who the man was that he chased, though he said as much as that he knew the man. Even Sir Humphrey, after his memory was helped a little, was positive that Adam had been his assailant, and thought he had done generous towards Adam when he had the sentence lightened to fourteen years hard labor.

Poor Adam never lifted his head to say a word in his own defense. He only tried to encourage his mother, who never doubted his innocence, and implored his brother, who sat cowering by his mother's side during the trial, "to study hard and shun the gambling dens, for he would have to be his mother's breadwinner now." Some thought when they heard those words that the dour, sulky callant had been a gambler as well as a robber. His sweetheart, Ellen Leithwaite, never came near the Court-room, but sought and gained admittance to the jail afterwards to bid him farewell ere he was taken to the Colonies and to brighten his forced exile by words that he crooned over for many weary long years. "Oh! Adam," she said, as she hung around his neck, "tho' ye winna clear yersel' by tellin' whae the guilty one is, I ken in my heart that you are innocent, an' I'll pray day an' nicht for the guilty one to

be found oot, so that you'll get your guid name back again; an' when you come back the lass whae's heart ye noo hae will be the one to welcome you—unless death comes atween us!"

Fourteen years had changed but very little the straggling Border village that nestled amang broomy braes at the foot of the Cheviots, excepting for a line of the N. B. R. that boasted (for the village, even to the kirk, was of rough whinstone thatched with straw) a station of hewn red stone, with a roof of glistening green slate, about a mile from the mill, the hindmaist building in the raw, and ten miles from anywhere else. The passenger train stopped twice a day, morning and evening, I suppose to impress upon the mind of the few onlookers the importance of the calling of the dignified guard, who strutted along the platform opening and slamming doors and answering shortly some questions of the stationmaster and calling "All aboard;" for rarely, except in the shooting season, did a passenger alight. But this October morning a traveler, and seemingly a stranger to the few that gathered as the train slowed up, stepped from a third-class coach, and, after looking around him, seemed to catch a glimpse something villageward that led him to step in that direction. He appeared to be a man of forty, or he might be younger, brown-skinned and brown-bearded, with a sprinkling of gray—a man you could tell by his labored walk and stooping forwards that had toiled, and toiled hard, and if clothes were any showing had gained little by it.

"Fourteen years," he was murmuring to himself; "I wonder if anyone will remember me. Good Lord, to think how I have suffered, while a word could have saved me. Yes, and killed

mother. Mother must be alive yet or Gilbert surely would have cleared me. And Ellen—does she still await me? Maybe she mourns me as dead, or wearied of the waiting and—. But yonder's the stonebreaker; I believe it's still auld Sandy."

The stonebreaker stood leaning on his hammer, resting himself by watching the figure that labored towards him. No one had entered the village or left it by the cross-roads unknown to or unquestioned by Sandy the past forty years, unless they did so on the Sabbath or New Year's Day.

"It a graund mornin," said Sandy, as the stranger came to a halt at the stone heap.

"Yes, a fine morning;" and the stranger as he spake sat down on the heap, it's square shallowness permitting him to use it as a seat, thereby inviting Sandy to what he yearned for ——the chance o' a crack.

"Yer a stranger roond thir pairts?" queried Sandy, as he handed a match over to the man to light the pipe he had drawn from his pocket, his own auld cutty ever being a part of his breathings, unless when asleep or in the kirk.

"A stranger? Yes, I'm a stranger. I suppose many a traveler comes this way?"

"Na, man; there's very few comes this gait since the railway has come sae near. Whiles a packman-body, or a body on the tramp."

"Like myself!" interrupted the stranger.

"But ye maun hae some errand for ye gat aff the train, an' ye dinna look like ye were gaun tae the 'Big House?'" And Sandy eyed the stranger's garb.

"I'm going over the hills. I've been this way before, some years ago. I used to know a family—I think the name was Leithwaite."

"Wis it Wat Leithwaite o' 'Ringin's Keep?'"

"Yes; that is the man;" and the stranger looked as if he wished to hear more.

"Auld Wat has been deid four years come Mairtinmas. Young Wat has the fairm. The lassie was weel married, or maybe ye kent. But what ails ye man?"

"Nothing, nothing; I swallowed a mouthful of smoke; but —but who did the daughter marry?"

"Gilbert Nairne, oor minister."

"Gilbert Nairne!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Ay; jist Gilbert Nairne. Div ye ken him?"

"I heard something about a robbry some one of that name was mixed in when I was here before." And the stranger kicked viciously with his boot-heel at a bettle that crawled on the stones at his feet.

"That wis Adam, Gilbert's brither. Puir fallow, he robbed an' nearly killed the auld Sir Humphrey; an' then we heard he tried to escape frae the convict station where he had been banished to. They say he wis a bad yin. I weel believe it, for he wis an' awfu' dour callant. But the guard shot him doon. The mitlier, puir body, never gat owre her auldest bairn's disgrace, and we laid her aside her husband lang afore the news o' the callan't sad ending came to the village—that's some six or seeven years ago. Ellen Leithwaite wis Adam's sweetheart, an' kept true to him until she heard o' his death; an' then she took up wi' Gilbert, whae thro' Sir Humphrey's influence had

gotten the kirk o' his faither. An' I tell ye ye'll gang a lang road or ye hear as graund a preacher. They've tried to get him to the big kirks in Edinboro', but 'Na, na,' he'd ever say, 'my mission is amang the hill-folk o' the Border.' "

"Do you think Adam was guilty?"

"Guilty? It was proven beyond a doot. Even his ain brither wis convinced o' his guilt, altho' his mither wad never believe it; but that's natural, ye ken. An' puir Ellen Leithwate dwined away to a perfect shadow; but the roses stole back to her cheeks after she became the minister's lady; an' they hae twa bonnie bairns—laddies. Yin o' them they ca' Gilbert, the ither Adam. I think it wis foolish ca'in' the bairn after the rogue o' an uncle; but folks does queer things."

"Who brought the news of Adam's death?"

"His ain brither—but what ails ye, man?" For the stranger had dashed his pipe from him, smashing it to dust on the stones beside him, as he scrambled from the heap, and, without even a look at Sandy, who glowered open-mouthed at him, he wheeled—seemingly a new man, strengthened with Sandy's story—to a speed that was almost a run in the direction of the manse road.

The manse road lies on the south of the cross roads, and away from the village. It derives its name from the Auld Kirk manse—the principal biggin.' The road twists and stretches for miles thro' the hills, while the manse lies sheltered in a clump of trees but a short distance from the village. The hedge that borders the roadway hung heavy with autumn berries, while the turning foliage quivered with its twittering dwellers; but Adam Nairne, for 'twas he, altho' the stone-

breaker failed to recognize him, heeded not the beauties of the hedgeways or the songs of the feathered warblers, but hurried —goaded by a fire that drives man to murder.

The servant lass was washing clothes on the green beside the manse, but fled from her washing like a frightened doe at Adam's approach—fled towards the stable, from where the minister's man issued, fork in hand, and as Adam strode towards the front-door he came around trailing the fork behind him.

"There's naebody at hame; the minister's gaen to the 'Big Hoose,' an' the leddy's gaen a walk wi' the bairns; but come roon tae the kitchen, for the minister wadnae like ony gaun-aboot-body tae gang frae the manse hungry. Come roond an' get a sup o' milk an' a bit bannock."

"I'm not begging, my man; and if your master is at the 'Big House' I'll find him." And Adam turned towards a footway that ran from the manse, thro' plantain and meadowland to the "Big House." It was a footway that Adam knew well—a path strewn with pleasant memories of childhood—and as he stumbled along, crushed in body and soul, crushed with years of hard, brutal labor; for his dour, proud spirit made him a dangerous convict, and a victim of lash and iron. But all that was nothing to what he now suffered. The faint glimmering streak of hope was darkened forever by the stone-breaker's story. His mother dead, and Ellen married to his brother—that brother for whom he had suffered so much. He moaned aloud in his agony.

As he neared the edge of the plantain a ripple of childish laughter floated towards him from the meadows below, a rip-

ple that awakened old memories, when he and Gilbert paidled in childish glee in the burn that ran thro' the meadowland to the Teviot beyond, and his eye grew softer, and something like a tear glided down his leather-brown cheek. When he came to the open he could see ahead of him, across the burn a woman with two children sporting in front of her, and coming towards them a man. Adam stopped; for in the tall, straight figure in the garb of a minister he recognized Gilbert, his brother. Leaning against an oak, whose turning leaves quivered and fell at his feet, he watched the little ones run toward him, saw him fold them both to his bosom, then lift the smallest—a child of three—to his shoulder, leading the other by the hand until he met the woman, whom he kissed affectionately; and as she turned by Gilbert's side Adam knew it was Ellen—her face radiant with the glory of a wife and mother. Adam turned and fled as a guilty being, the murder in his heart quenched forever, turned into the darkness of the plantain.

At the gloaming some of the villagers (auld Sandy one of them) saw the Master of Hundalee—the younger Sir Humphrey—going toward the "Big House" arm-in-arm with the stranger that alighted from the morning train. The minister—Gilbert Nairne—was sent for that night to come to the "Big House," and when he was leaving, after a stay of nearly two hours, the butler heard him say—"God bless you, Adam; my prayers and Ellen's will be ever with you whereever you be."

But Adam is a common name in the South countrie, and no one recognized in the bearded smiling manager of Sir Humphrey's Australian mines, that he drove to the station next day, and whom the Master of Hundalee shook so warmly by the hand as he bade him "Godspeed," Adam Nairne, the ex-convict, for all believed him dead, and ever will. Yes, and it is better so.

THE WISHING WELL.

As the shadows of the "Auld Elm" drew nearer the dyke-side and the sun-crowned west tinted with its passing glory, hill-land and braeside, with a mellow rosy gloom and the call of the cushie doo (wood dove) trembled, then died away in the darkness of the forest, and from the "Pasture" came the gentle low of the kye, mingling with the "ho lady, ho lady" of the milkmaid, as she waited by the yett with bared arms and kilted 'coatie (petticoat)—with creepie and pail—the coming of brown-eyed Spottie or gentle Bonnie.

Nannie and Mary Graham slowly meandered up the village laneway that hung arched with the spreading glory of birk and mountainash, with a sprinkling of green, or wild cherry, that seldom darkened to the hue of ripeness, for their fancied sweetness watered to recklessness the mouth of the country school-boy, and I suppose the fun of climbing and hanging from the branches—I know it is—trying to be the one to get the cluster—ever the ripest—that overhangs the scaur that slopes in dangerous ragged jutts of redstone to the river that gurgles and bubbles beneath, is a temptation that no boy, healthy and vigorous, can withstand.

And so Nannie and Mary meandered and speiled betimes up the laneway and by the footway that jouks in wayward curvings thro' beds of sweet brier and patches o' golden broom to the auld well, or Wishing Well, as it ever was called.

As they neared the well—that loomed with its stony moss-

grown top, like a huge emerald set in scatterings of purple and gold that adorned the braeside, where still lingered longingly, like a lover at the door of his Jean, the shadowed splendor of the kingly west—they could see two other lassies turn up the hillway.

"Yons the 'herd's lassies," said Nannie. "They maun hae been keekin in the well."

"Thir fairney tickled (freckled) faces wad gliff the shadow o' a Druid," laughed Mary.

"Toots, theyre wyse enough lookin' an' they're guid, that's better than bein' bonnie, but let's hurry or we needna keek ony mair this day," and Nannie pulled her sister towards the well.

"Keek, Nannie, keek first, an' take a guid lang keek, an' tell me what ye see."

"I see a lad, my, my, he looks just like oor young laird, siller buckles on his shoon, a sword at his side, looks like it had a siller hilt, embossed wi' claith o' gowd, an' feggs! he's gettin' doon on his knees to a lass, that looks awfu' like mysell."

"That's just fancy," interrupted Mary. "Let's hae a keek," and Mary looked down into the silent water of the auld well while the lichtsome Nannie drew back. "An' what sees my sentimental sister Mary?"

"I see naething yet; bide awee, noo, noo. I see twa faces yin is my ain, an', an' the ither, na, na, it's no sae, it canna be."

"Whaes is the ither face," speired Nannie, as Mary drew back from the well, hiding her face as from a horrid vision.

"I daurna tell ye, for I ken it's no true. An' it wadnae be right if it was true."

"Oh, but!" pleaded Nannie. "Ye ken it's just fancy, come Mary, lass, tell me whaes was the ither face, ye ken I aye tell't you a' my secrets."

But all Nannie's pleadings and arguments could not wile from Mary "whaes was the ither face." An' tho' Nannie keeked an' keeked in the well and dropped with lingering hand pieces of moss and pebble, neither ripple nor shadow would tell her of the future, while Mary stood back saddened with fancy's future glimpse.

So they turned homewards, the sun having cowered down out of sight behind the silvery gray clouds of the gloaming.

Turned homewards thro' the glade, that's springy, verdant bottom gave forth a "seep, see-ip, seep," in echo to their foot-falls, that only made Mary more dowie, and not even Nannie's cheerie lilt, or the meeting of Wat Howie, who was supposed to be a wooer of Mary's, could lift from her mind the heaviness that had gathered at the well.

Nannie had broken a sixpence with Aleck Maitland at the trysting tree in the early spring. Aleck was an engineer in Portobello, an old schoolmate of the Graham lassies, and those that pretended to know—and that was nearly all the village—said when Aleck came home to pay the auld folk a visit the coming Autumn, he would come on a double errand, and "Postie," who was aye mysterious, was seen to wink and shake his head in a knowing way at Nannie, as he would slip her a letter—as much as to say, "I ken the handwritin', lassie; ye needna blush," and then he would chuckle to himself and mutter aloud, "Dod! man, Postie, ye've been in love yersel' an' a bonnie fuil ye made o't." The Postie's wife was a woman o'

great ambitions—too great for Postie's income that came in monthly installments. "But it came from the Government, frae the Queen's ain Bank," she proudly told the joiner's wife, as she borrowed a "neivefu' o' sugar to put owre the Sabbath.

The next morning Mary seemed to have gotten over her dowiness, but ere the gloaming the heaviness o' heart had returned. But Nannie, if she noticed it, "speired nae mair questions." But ere the summer had lengthened it was noticed by more than one. And the herd's lassies had seen her keekin' in the Wishing Well, night after night, and the roses that had bloomed sae bonnie on her cheeks were fading, and the mother's een had noticed the dwining o' her lassie, and had mentioned to the father, "That the bairn"—for Mary was the youngest—"needed a change o' air."

"Better send her to Auntie's in Portobello, the caller air will dae her mair guid than a' the doctors," said the father.

And a day or two after their conversation, a letter came from Portobello from the aunty. Wanting one o' the lassies she'd prefer Mary to come and bide wi' her awhile, as she was lanesome, having no lassies o' her ain, a' laddies, and so Mary was wiled to the sea-side, scarcely saying "good-bye" to Wat Howie, who had been sadly slighted for some time

Then something happened that astonished the villagers. Nannie was seen walking with Wat Howie; no harm in that, surely; but hadn't she broken a sixpence with Aleck Maitland in the spring, and wasn't she receiving letters a' the time frae him, and "Mistress Postie" took it upon hersel'—she had a broad back for clashes—to give the Maitlands a glint o' the ongauns, for hadnae she seen wi' her twae een Wat Howie kiss Nannie Graham at her father's yett.

"I'm just warnin' ye, Mrs. Maitland, that the lassie is makin' a fuil o' yer callant. An' if ye dinna write him yersel' and tell him o' the huzzie's ongauns, I'll take it upon mysel' to inform the callant, being the mither o' twae o' the nicest callants in the shire'. Deary me, Mistress Maitland, did ye get yer provisions already. I'll just trouble ye for a maskin' o' tea 'till Tuesday, then my man gets his salary—she had hunted long for that word—frae the Government oot o' the Queen's ain Bank ye ken; thank ye mem," and Mistress Postie hurried away to spread her clashes elsewhere.

But a letter was already on its way to Aleck that cost the sender bitter, bitter tears. A strange letter that Aleck received as he entered his room after his day's toil. A letter that held him crushed, crushed in spirit, unwashed, deaf to the call of supper, blind to the beauties of the Firth of Forth, whose summer waves tumbled and rolled, then spread o'er the pebbled, yellow beach, then came within a stone's throw of his window, held him within his chair, and when the landlady rapped to find out what was keeping him frae his supper, he answered her with, "Dinna disturb me to-night. I dinna feel very well, and I'm no' hungry."

But he suffered less, far less, than the sender—Nannie Graham—who had written.

Mr. Maitland.

I have no right to call you Aleck any more, for I am not worthy of you. I do not care for you, and I send you back the half o' the sixpence—my half—that you gave me at the trysting tree in the spring; folk will tell you that they have seen

me walking with Wat Howie, and it's all true. So I think you had better seek a lass more worthy of you.

NANNIE GRAHAM.

P. S.—Mary is staying at our aunt's at Blinkbonny Cottage. N. G.

Blind, blind Aleck, that saw the half sixpence, yet could not see the dark tear stains on the letter.

The next day Aleck "layed off" and sought out Mary, who reddened like a rose at his appearance, and gave her Nannie's letter to read.

"She maun just be fuilin' ye," stammered Mary, after reading the letter. "Nannie wad never be sae cruel; she canna be, it's no' in her heart."

"But see this ither letter I got frae my mither this morning, dae ye think after that, that I wad hae onything mair to dae wi' her, na na, I'm naebody's fuil; if she wants Wat Howie an' thinks him better than me I'll be nae dallying fuil an' stand in her way; there's as guid fish i' the sea as ever was caught."

"But Ill write to Nannie, dinna be severe wi' her, for I ken she is just tryin' you."

"Write if you like. I'll never plead for her." And Aleck stalked off whistling a lichtsome air. But he came back that evening to take Mary a walk for auld schoolmate's sake.

Mary wrote to Nannie and received a reply by the next mail. "It a' true I care naething for Aleck, just as little as you cared for Wat Howie." And Aleck came night after night to the "Cottage" for auld schoolmate's sake, and Mary's cheeks got back all their old time's richness, and her aunty

persuaded her to bide wi' her all that year, as the caller air had done her so much good; and Mary was easily persuaded, and Aleck was delighted, for there were so many bonnie walks around the sea-shore that Mary had never seen yet, and Nannie urged her in her letters to be sure and stay a while longer, when the sea air was doing her so much good and Nannie's letter had such a happy tone, for her "ongauns" had been but a nine days' wonder, Postie's wife having sought another tale for her tongue's waggin'.

So Mary stayed all the winter, and when spring came again Aleck said to her, as they stood at the cottage gate, watching the sail yachts dipping and gliding, like gigantic birds on the glassy bosom of the firth, their silken sails agleam with the glory of the radiant West—"Mary, what need ye gang hame, the caller air has wiled back the bloom to your cheeks again, and lassie"—and he put his arm around her waist, drawing her nearer the sea—"there is a bonnie wee cottage that's rose-covered front smiles to the sea. And there is one more rose I need to beautify the rooms that I hae already furnished. Mary, will you be that rose?"

And the letter Mary got in return to the one she sent Nannie that night tells what her answer was to Aleck.

"Dearest Sister Mary, I am very very happy to know that you and Aleck are coming home in June to be married. God bless you both. Can you arrange the same wedding day? Wat Howie has waited for me, and I said 'yes' the night I got your letter, and dear Mary, wasn't Aleck's the ither face you saw in the Wishing Well?"

As the two sisters walked with encircling arms around each other's waists up the village brae, on the eve of their wedding, Mary was saying "Oh, Nannie, Nannie, but you are a noble, noble lass, and to think I hae been so blind."

"Toots, Mary, lass, ye see we are baith happy or will be soon. I ken fine I wad never hae agreed wi' Aleck, we're sae different. And Wat Howie is such a graund, noble, big-hearted fellow."

But there was just a wee tremble on Nannie's lips that was drowned with the ripple of her lightsome laugh, as she darted from Mary's side to pull some wild roses that keeked tempting thro' the hedge.

Postie's wife said with many a smirk as she came in to borrow Mistress Howie's wash-tub:

"I was just telling Postie nae later than this morning. I never saw twae bonnier or happier looking couples grace a kirk; it was a sight to gladden a' oor hearts the Sabbath you and your sister was kirked, and you've baith gotten the wale o' guidmen; thank you mem! I'll just tak' a wee drappie—just a drappie o' the wine and a bittie o' the cake to dream on, and I'll make an effort to visit your sister in the fa' of the year when Postie gets his vacation frae the Government. Guid day, and I'll send the laddie owre with the tub."

And Nannie smiled a contented, happy smile, as she watched her husband turn his horses towards the watering trough, ere he fed them their noonday corn.

THE HERD'S ANNIE.

I.

The spring spate had carried away the last flake of winter, and the hill-side was green with tender, sweet grass and bursting bracken, that was alive with romping lambs and proud, well-filled ewes, when Wat the "herd," brought to the hill-head bonnie Annie, the herd o' Blackhough's only daughter—his ewe lamb—as Mrs. Oliver, a title she never got, nor never will—she had been the "Herd's Annie" to everyone before Wat Oliver wooed her from her father's and the name just came easier afterwards.

My faith! he must have been a proud man, the day he brought her to the hill-head, for many a lad, gentle an' simple, craved the hand o' the herd's Annie, but who had a better right to her than the lad o' her school days, and who could protect her better than stalwart Wat, a callant that could toss the caber or put the stane further than any lad north the Cheviots—for none ever dared face him on the southern border.

It was a lonely place, the house on the hill-head. I say it was, for to-day it is a thriving village—lonely for town folk, but to Annie, it was a perfect palace, with its little flower garden in front, and the tinkling ziz-zag burnie that tumbled an' sputtered over the hillside to the haughs beneath. It had been Wat's hame since he was a bairn—and the youngest o' ten—that, were at the time o' my story scattered far an' wide. The

father and mother died there—so it was hame that he brought Annie, welcomed by a couple o' mitherless lambs and Wat's twae tousy coated collies.

The village joiner had added some new furniture to the ben room and Wat had bought some pictures for the wa's. In the kitchen were some pictures that every herd likes to see, a string o' braxies (mutton hams) round the four corners o' the room. Wat had forgotten nothing; the bin was fu', the crook and swing shone like mirrors, and the stone flour was chalked —sae it's nae wonder Annie turned as she entered and kissed Wat with the gladness of a happy bride, her een wet with the o'erflowing of a contented heart; and soon other joys came to gladden the hearts of Wat and Annie.

It had been a hard winter, a winter that seemed sweir o' gaun away, for at the beginning o' March, the wind still howled, snow laden, from the boisterous north, and Wat had many a weary, laborious tramp o'er the hills amang his sheep, for it was nearing lambing time, and there wasn't a day that he hadn't two or three ewes to drive to the bields, that Wat and the hinds had built of straw, down in the lowlands for early ewes.

Wee Wat was 5 years old and the bairn nearing two, good company for Annie, for many a day did she spend from rising time to bed-time, without seeing Wat, for he usually got his dinner at the "Big Hoose," a lang hour's tramp in good summer weather, and when the lirks o' the hills and the ditches were level with snaw, a dangerous, tiring wade o' nearly two hours. But Annie was a shepard's daughter and she feared little, for her long limbed, sturdy Wat.

This particular day Wat was hame for dinner, and as he ate his braxie an' potatoes, wee Wat sitting at his elbow, the bairn, a lassie on its mother's knee, the twae collies, Auld Burr an Yarrow, lying on the rug before the fire, the conversation being the weather and his sheep.

"I'll maybe be late the nicht, Annie, but I'll leave Auld Burr wi' you an' the bairns. I hae a couple o' yowes to drive frae Whitton's mairch down to the lambin sheds, at the back o' the hinds hooses. Tam Elliott is comin' owre the nicht to help me wi' the lambin' sae I'll no' need to gang sae aften to the hillfoot; the hinds are comin' up the morn to help me to get the hill buchts ready, sae after I get a' the yowes in shelter, I'll stay at the hill-head, an Tam' wi' the help o' the callant, will look after the yowes doon below.

"But here, Yarrow, take yer denner, for we maun be gaun. Shee hooch! but hoo that wind blaws—there's anither storm brewin.' I'll take a couple o' mauds (plaids) wi me; I micht hae a mitherless lamb to carry hame."

And Wat, pulling on his worsted leggins, knit by Annie, rowed his maud aroond him, kissed Annie and the bairns, gripped his lambin' crook, and wi' Yarrow at his heels, strode off—the snow that was being swept over the hill-head swirling and curling around his legs and completely hiding poor Yarrow, swept by the chilly breath of aggressive March. But Wat cared little for a puff o' angry wind, and his strong limbs soon cleaned a path thro' the drifts for poor Yarrow, that kept snug to his heels.

But as I said before Annie had little fear for her long-limbed, big-hearted Wat, but after the darkening when the

bairns had gone to sleep, and she had ta'en doon her knitten', she turned fidgety, and couldn't settle herself, but would have to rise every minute from her chair to peer out into the darkness or listen for Wat's approach, that was always heralded by the yelp of a dog. Even auld Burr would prowl an' sniff around the door as if anxious for the return o' Yarrow.

Eight and 9 o'clock struck but no Wat, and as she wearied she would talk to auld Burr, and the collie would look up in her face human like. "Burr, auld callant, I'm kind o' feared the nicht. I wish Wat had taken you wi' him instead o' that young 'rake-aboot,' an' sic a nicht. It's started snawin' again. Eh, lad, what's that," for Burr wi' stiffened lugs (ears) had sprang towards the door. "Yes, lad, that's Yarrow's bark. I ken it as weel's yersel'. I'm sae glad." As she opened the door Yarrow rushed in past Burr to his mistress, an' gripping her by the goon tried to drag her out.

"What's wrang wi' ye, Yarrow? What's wrang, where's yer maister?"

And then Yarrow would quit her, running barking to Burr. And then both dogs would yowl in chorus.

"I ken thir's somethin' wrang," moaned Annie. "Somethin' has happened to Wat. I believe the dumb brute wants me to gang wi' it. What is it Yarrow, is yer maister hurt?" And the dog would wag his tail, understanding Annie, who was slow to learn by the actions of the dumb brute what he meant.

"See, lad, take yer supper and I'll pu' on my heavy shoon an' gang wi' ye."

As soon as Yarrow saw his mistress preparing to go with him he stopped yowling and lay down by the door to await her, ignoring the bowie of porridge she had set on the floor beside him.

II.

Poor Annie ran about the room excited, speaking to auld Burr as if he were a human being—the dog seeming to understand everything she said.

"Noo, Burr, ye'll stay wi' the bairns, an' I'll gang wi' Yarrow. God grant that thir's naething befell Wat, altho' my heart tells me thir is. I'll take my shawl, an' some whisky wi' me, for maybe the puir lad lies frozen an' crushed somewhere. I'll pit on the 'gathering coal,' the bairns, bless thir wee hearts sleep thro' a' the din.' Noo, Burr, watch them weel. Dinna let the bairn near the fire, if it waukens."

And Annie wrapped them up snugly in the wee bed, an' getting down on her knees on the floor, asked strength and protection from the Heavenly Guide in simple thoughts and humble words, ere she wrapped her shawl around her to follow Yarrow, in search of her husband.

The wind had fa'n and a heavy damp thickening snow fell, cloging her way and burdening her steps and covering up any little path that had been bared by the wind of the day. A lantern was no good to her altho' she carried one in her hand—and some matches in her bossom—with the flask of whisky, for Annie was ever thoughtful.

But Yarrow kept close to her, stopping if she fell behind, delayed by drift or rut.

"This is an awfu' nicht, Yarrow. A fearsome night; if you could only speak, you could tell me what's happened my Wat. I hope he's no deid, no deid." And Annie would kneel among the snow, praying in her simple way, for the Lord to lead her thro' the agency o' Yarrow to where her husband was, for she was certain now that he lay hurt, or perhaps dead, in the Quarry Hole, by the direction that Yarrow was convoying her.

Thicker and thicker fell the snow, blinding poor Annie, altho' she saw nothing but Yarrow's towsy body, struggling and rolling in front of her. Instinct or a higher power leading him.

"Noo, I'm shair, I ken where we are. We're gaun doon the cart road. I ken by its ruchness. Eh, lad! what is it guid dog?" for Yarrow started barking. "Wat, Wat, we're comin', comin'. Oh, dear, dear, if he wis alive he wad shairly answer. Where is he guid dog? Wis that a cry. Wat, Wat, we're comin', haud up, lad. Wait, Yarrow, till I licht the candle. Thir's no muckle wind; an' we're weel sheltered." And Annie hunkered among the snow making a bield with her shawl while she lit the candle in the lantern, Yarrow impatiently watching.

"Noo, lad, if Wat'll only see it, it'll cheer him." At last she was rewarded by hearing a faint cry, Yarrow bounding from her in its direction. And by the dim reflection of the lantern, Annie was drawn to where poor Wat lay crushed an' bleeding, an' nearly dead with the night's exposure.

"Oh Wat, Wat; what has happened?" and Annie held the flask to Wat's lips. After a good gurgle from the flask Wat was able to tell, while Annie, with that tenderness belonging

to a woman, rolled his maud around him, folding up her own shawl for a pillow to rest his head, scraping the snow and loose stones from beneath him.

"I dinna ken, exactly hoo it happened, lass; but I was trying to grip a yowe wi' my crook that was too near the edge. I missed it and stumbled, falling over, and here I am; I canna move. I'm shair my richt leg is broken, an' my ribs seems smashed to a jelly, but lass I didna mean Yarrow to gang for you. I sent him to the big hoose."

"Yarrow had mair sense, good dog; they wad never hae understood him, an' 'twas but natural he should come for me. But I'll rin mysel' an' bring some o' the folk, an' maybe the maister'll send the callant for the doctor. I'll set the lantern doon by yer heid. Yarrow will 'bide wi' you, an' should the candle burn oot, his bark will guide the folk. I'll no' be lang, for the nicht's clearin' up, and after I reach the edge o' the plantain, I'll rin a' the wye."

"The bairns, the bairns?" moaned Wat.

"The bairns are a' richt, wi' auld Burr. The same power that gave Yarrow the understanding to come for me an' lead me thro' the storm to your side will protect oor bairns even tho' His instrument be but a dumb brute 'till we get back. Na, na, I'll gang lichter withoot my shawl. Bide by yer maister, Yarrow!" and with this last command to the dog, and another kiss on Wat's lips, away stumbled Annie over the rough stones out of the Quarry Hole, for it was but a mile from the farm house, and the snow had cleared away, leaving a clear starlit sky in its wake. The road was level after reaching the plaintain, and with love at her elbow urging

her on, an' giving strength and speed to her limbs, she soon reached the farm house, where all was in darkness, the inmates having gone to bed an hour before. It was the guid man himself that heard the thumping on the door. Putting his head out of the window, he demanded to know who was there.

"It's me, Maister Kerr, the herd's Annie. An' Wat has tumbled into the Quarry Hole, an' lies there near deid. Hurry up, man, an' sen' the men to help him."

III.

But "the Kerr" was already arousing man an' maid in the building, an' while the guid wife hurried an' got dry clothes for Annie—for she was wet through with the snow in her search for Wat—and some warm drink, he was hurrying the ploughmen off in search for Wat, scolding Annie for wanting to go with them, telling her, in his affected roughness, that she would be but a hindrance to the men. Ordering the callant to saddle his naig an' bring it around to the door, he made preparations to ride for the doctor himself, explaining to the guidwife and Annie to send siccan a sumph as the callant after the doctor would be but to borrow mair trouble. And drawing his wife aside, to tie his muffler, he advised her to get Annie back to her bairns before he came back wi' the doctor.

"I'll leave it to yer ain wit to get her away," he said. "Ye can let her 'bide till the hinds bring Wat; then the callant can yoke the powny to the hay-sled, an' take her home. The doctor's a skilly-man, but a wee thocht rough."

In less than an hour the plowmen staggered in with Wat, on a rough home-made stretcher, Yarrow following close be-

hind them. The guid wife, wi' the help o' the lasses—for Annie, puir lass, just stood looking on, useless to do anything but cry—soon had him resting comfortably on the sofa. As she said, looking real respectable for the doctor's visit. Wat himself tried to look indifferent, as Annie ksised him and hung over him, but the guid wife read the agony in his eyes, as she drew Annie from him, telling her, "It's time you were back hame to the bairns; ye can dae nae mair guid here; an' besides, ye'll just make Wat feel miserable, seeing you standing suffering as well as himsel'. Jamie, the callant, will yoke up the powny into the sled, an' he'll no' be lang o' taking you to the hill-head. An' take Yarrow with you; he's fair tired oot, an' can lie at yer feet. I've nae fear but we can move Wat some wye or ither to the hill-head in the morn. Hurry, noo, Jamie, an' yoke up the powny into the sled," and bundling Annie well up, she hustled her away, warning the callant to keep to the cairt road.

After seeing her well started on her way she closed the door, turning to Tibbie, the house lass, she gave a sigh of relief, whispering, "I'm gled she's gaen afore the doctor comes. Puir lass, she's fair din oot, plucky an' a' as she is. The doctor's handlin' o' Wat, for I fear he's gey badly hurt, wad be owre muckle for her."

IV.

It seemed to be a long journey to Annie, for once she got started homewards her thoughts flew ahead to her children. Yarrow, who had gotten a good supper at the farmer's, scorned to ride in the sled, sae trotted an' bounded alongside the pony. Jamie, the callant, felt the sorrow in his heart for poor Annie,

but being a rude, uncultivated lad, was at a loss for what to say to cheer her. "Will I sing ye a sang or whistle a tune, Annie?" he asked her. But Annie's heart was too heavy to answer. So whiles he whistled an' whiles he sang to cheer himself and the pony.

At last they reached the hill-head. It was Jamie that opened the door, Annie holding back. The callant has traveled far, but in all his journeys he has never seen a fairer picture than the one in the little hill-head cottage that memorable March night. Auld Burr lay on the sheepskin rug by the fire, the bairn cuddled up near his head sound asleep, her wee hands clasped around his neck; while wee Wat, his curly golden head pillowed on the auld collie's towsy back, lay smiling, happy in the dreams of his bairnhood's day. Annie brushed past the callant, kneeling down beside the threesome, and the callant turned, closing the door, whistling to keep the tears back. The fields were bowing to the sickle and the bracken yellowed in its dryness, ere Wat was able to go among his sheep again, and with a limp that he will carry to his grave—a remembrance of that terrible night, when his brave-hearted little wife, "the noblest woman I ken o'," says the Kerr —by the sagacity o' the faithful, rough-coated collie, saved him from certain death, by exposure, in the Quarry Hole.